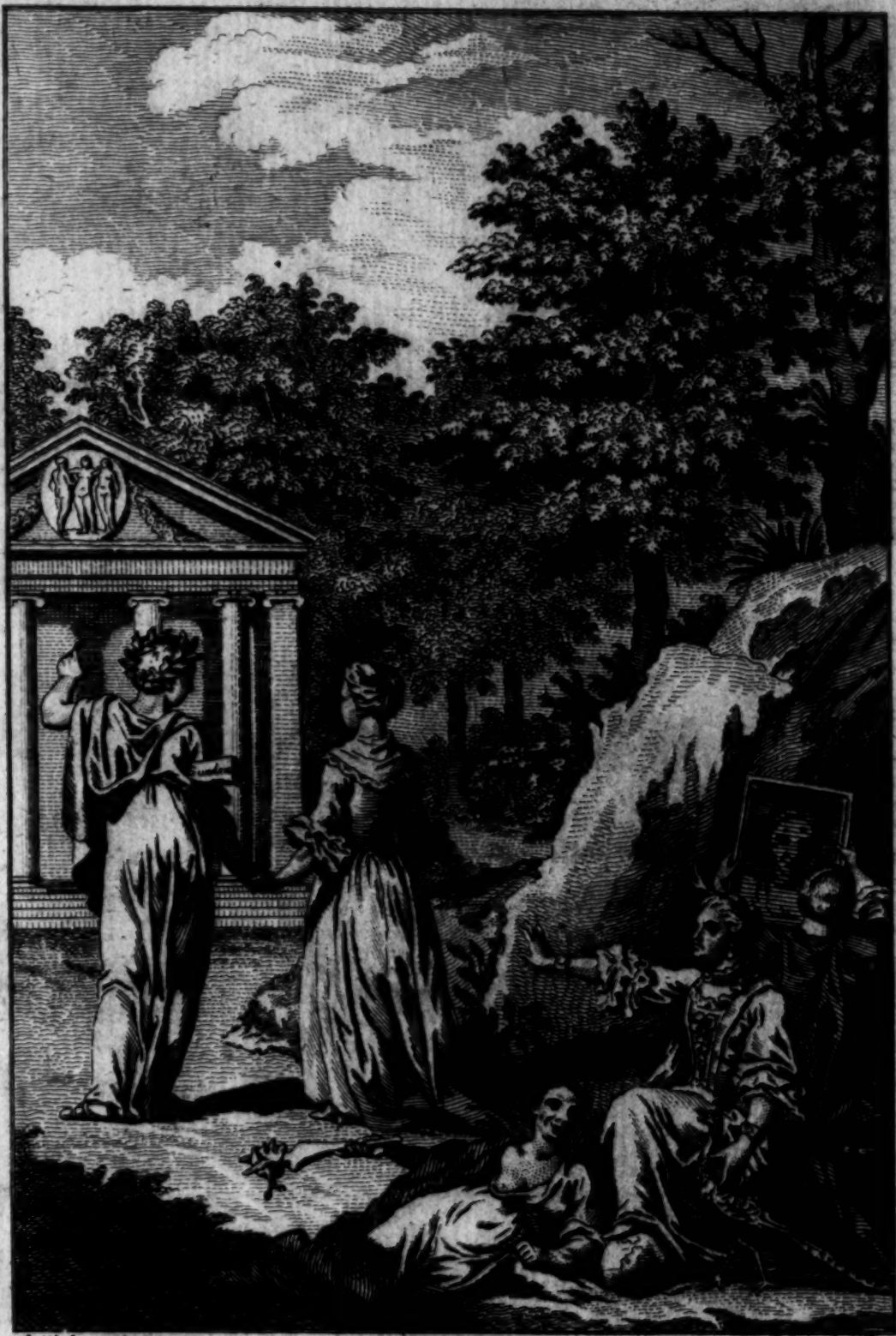




J. Wale del.

C. Johnson sc.

THE
ECONOMY OF BEAUTY;
IN A SERIES OF
FABLES:
ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.



I claim the Attention of the *Ladies*, and profess to teach an Art by which all may obtain what has hitherto been deemed the Prerogative of a few; an Art by which their predominant Passion may be gratified, and their Conquests not only extended but secured;—THE ART OF BEING PRETTY.

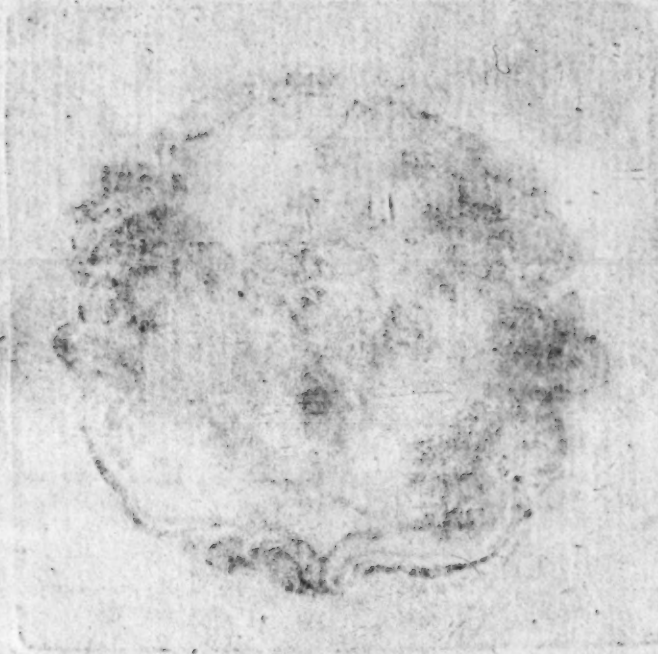
HAWKESWORTH.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. WILKIE, No. 71, in St. Paul's Church-Yard, and F. NEWBERRY, Ludgate-Street.

M DCC LXXII.

Cup 406. c. 56.



ADVERTISEMENT.

A Specimen of this Work was given about two Years ago in the ETHIC AMUSEMENTS. The Approbation it was then honoured with, encouraged the Author to hazard the present Publication. Little studious of Profit or Reputation—his utmost Ambition will be gratified, if, by the Suffrage of the Wise and Good, his Name be inscribed among Those, who have contributed towards the real Improvement, or rational Pleasure of his fair Countrywomen.

THAT PERSONAL BEAUTY IS, IN A HIGH DEGREE, DEPENDENT ON SENTIMENT AND MANNERS---is the great Truth, which these Poems are calculated to illustrate, and enforce. The Advantages necessarily resulting from a general Conviction of it, are evident—are of the most serious Importance. In polished Life, the Influence of the Ladies, on the Happiness and Morals of Society, has been univer-

b

fally

fally felt and acknowledged. Beauty is among those Qualities, which, as no Lessons of Wisdom have taught us to contemplate with Indifference, so no Effort of Wit shall ever bring into Contempt.

It is intended, as a further Recommendation of this Essay, to apprize the Reader, that the Outlines of most of the Fables are sketched from that celebrated Master, DE LA MOTTE. Indeed—to adopt the Words of a great Critic on a similar Occasion—“ Our Author uses the *Gallic* Poet for
“ little more than his Canvas ; if the old Design
“ and Colouring chance to suit his Purpose, it is
“ well ; if not, he employs his own without
“ Scruple or Ceremony.” He wrote for the Amusement of his Friends ; it may perhaps appear he has published for That of his Enemies. In such a Situation, to have been less responsible, and capable of vindicating himself—as the Mimic in *Phædrus*—by producing the Pig ; might have afforded him some Consolation, under the Severity
of

ADVERTISEMENT. iii

of Criticism. At present, however, neither deprecating, nor defying the critical Anathema---his Appeal is to the LADIES; if their Encouragement of the Work shall justify its Continuation, the second Book will wait on them in a few Months. If not, this is his last Visit; and he intends to retire with the Spirit of a certain old *Beau Garçon*---a Retailer of Cosmetics---who contrived to keep up his Importance thro' Life, by boasting that he once had the Honour of being admitted to the *Lady SERAPHINA's* Toilet. Indeed, he confessed to particular Friends, that she only sent for him up, to tell him she regarded all his Art as Pretence---his Visits impertinent---and should therefore order her Servants to shut the Door against him, if he attempted another.

EXPLANATION OF THE FRONTISPIECE.

PRIDE, AFFECTATION, and FOLLY, the great Enemies of Beauty, with their proper Symbols and Attributes, offering a young Lady Admission to their *Coterie*, are opposed by the Author; who in the Character of POLYHYMNIA, the persuasive Muse, conducts her to the Temple of the GRACES. The Poet speaks;

Go, Muse! untutor'd Beauty's ready Guide,

Take to thy Care the rosy-blooming Maid,

Far—far from AFFECTATION, FOLLY, PRIDE,

Oh! be thy gentle, honor'd Charge convey'd;

Lead her the MENTAL GRACES to adore,

Consummate Loveliness requires no more.

THE
A R G U M E N T.

F A B L E I.

THE horrible Custom of *exposing* Children—imitated by those who neglect to give them a rational Education—Beauty dependent on moral Sentiment—Hence new Arguments of the Necessity of improving the Mind—The Danger of delaying it—Ignorance, Folly and Vice alike inconsistent with mental and *corporeal* Pulchritude. Not in the Power of Art to obliterate their Effects—Demonstrated in a Dialogue between a young Lady and her Looking Glass. Painting useless, foolish, destructive—immoral—A new Cosmetic—Confirm'd in her Errors by Flattery, she lives disregarded—dies unlamented—General Application.

F A B L E II.

DOMESTIC Life the true Sphere of Female Glory—the ineffable Loveliness of Merit there—Particularly a good *Mother* an Object worthy the Contemplation of Angels—Her Benevolence—exaltation of Mind—heroic Virtue—The true Mother and the fashionable one contrasted, in a Conversation between a PELICAN AND A SPIDER—Address to *Coterieans*, *Pantheists*, &c. with a Quære.

F A B L E III.

A RESPECTFUL Apology to the Gentlemen of the Faculty—Eulogy of that first Friend of Beauty, TEMPERANCE—A short Catalogue of
the

the Things she does *not* want---Wrinkle Plaister---Rouge---Perfume---Tincture of Sage---Perriwigs---Dr. Partridge---his Almanacs---Astrology---and Physic. The Folly and Danger of making one sick to make one well. COLIN cured of the Head-ach---General Inference---*they that are whole need not the Physician.*

F A B L E IV.

THE Correspondence between the Heart and the Face---*Rage, Envy, Malice*, their Outlines visible in the Countenance---not to be obliterated when once indulged---Witness the memorable Story of *Socrates* with the Physiognomist. Hence the Necessity of early cultivating the Mind---The Seeds of Grace-- filial Piety---Gratitude---Love---Pity---universal Benevolence---Chastity---Friendship---Religion---Their several Effects on the Person---BEAUTY. The Difference between That, which is the Result of Education and Sentiment, and mere corporal Proportion, exemplified by two *Lamps*.

F A B L E V.

IN point of Time, Precept before Example---The simple Elements or A. B. C. of Beauty---These first to be *got by Heart*---Afterwards living Characters may be studied with great Advantage---The best Way to be a HIGH-FLIER in the Regions of Grace---An old Case in Point explained. Recapitulation.

F A B L E VI.

THE Dignity of the Sex degraded by Fondness for trifling Accomplishments---Dancing among the lost Arts---a little necessary---much
superfluous—

T H E A R G U M E N T.

vii

superfluous---if not worse. Pride, on Account of Excellence in it, debases the Mind---gives a disgusting, silly Turn to the Countenance and Air---Depraves the Judgement, and may betray into the most ridiculous and humiliating Connexions. The Author's Zeal in the Cause, an over-match for his Prudence. The Dancing Master's Review of the Work by Anticipation---Character of a thorough-paced one---*An Ox* with a *Maggot* in his Head.

F A B L E VII.

THE Author's Danger—Safeguard---Reward. Objections answered---Eyes, Cheeks, Lips, Rose and Lilly---not Beauty but Capacity for it. Prometheus and his Torch---Woman's Philosophy what---A Receipt to make an everlasting Bloom---Worms in the Bud, and how to kill them. The Habit that suits every Complexion. Some Account of a Lady that wore it Morning, Noon, and Night. The right Point of View, all in all. PHIDIAS Latin for WILTON, *Macaroni*, his Taste---Ode---&c. buys a Bargain.

F A B L E VIII.

A READER of Romances violently in Love---A romantic Description of his Passion and of his Idol, who after all, it seems, is not to be described---A pretty sprinkling of Snow, Ivory, Suns, Flames and Darts---Concludes without one Compliment to her Understanding. CLEORA, envies her Beauty and its Praise, while she overlooks better Accomplishments of her own. A Consolation after the Small-Pox---Personal Prettiness, without a corresponding Mind, generally fatal to

its

its Owner. A Ticket for the *Magdalen*. The *Lizard* has ocular Demonstration of her Folly—and sings a Recantation.

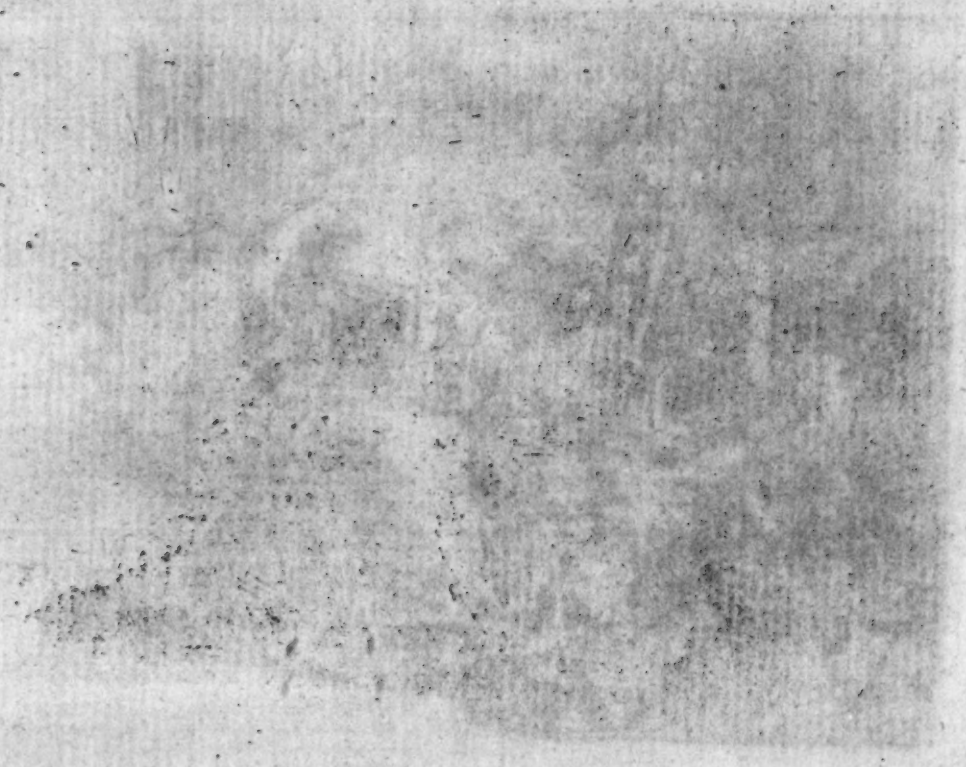
F A B L E IX.

THE Queen and her Maids of Honor—A Tragi-Comedy—*Dramatis Personæ*—A reasonable Portion of Beau Eloquence—Some very fine Writing, which in fourteen majestic Lines tells us—what might have been said in half as many Words—The young Ladies quarrelled which was the handsomest. A Law-Suit with Proclamation in due Form. The Cause opened by a special Pleader. An Exhibit of a very singular Nature. Concludes, like other Law-Suits, with the utter Ruin of all Parties concerned. An excellent Caution if it be not not something too late.

F A B L E X.

THE NEW SOUTHAMPTON GUIDE. The Geography of the Jest—A rising Sun—Conscious Innocence—satisfied without tumultuous or expensive Pleasures—A Morning Walk a greater Improver of the Complexion than cold Cream or Spanish Wool—A Trip to NETLEY ABBEY—*Merlinda* a Kind of Lancashire Witch—Her mighty Powers exerted for a contemptible Purpose. Serious Application to certain Characters in *Martyn's* Long-Rooms, a seasonable Hint—That Beauty may irretrievably forfeit its Empire, by stooping to make Conquests of the weak and worthless—In plain English, no Lady can be handsome who deliberately sets her Cap at a Fool or a Rake. A philosophic Conclusion.

THE
LOOKING GLASS



The first and second editions of the
book were published in the year of 1840.
The third edition was published in the year of 1845.
The fourth edition was published in the year of 1850.
The fifth edition was published in the year of 1855.
The sixth edition was published in the year of 1860.

T H E
L O O K I N G - G L A S S .



Let TRUTH and VIRTUE be their *earliest* Teachers ;
Keep from their Ear the Syren Voice of *Flattery*,
Keep from their Eye the Harlot Form of *Vice*,
Who spread in every Court their filken Snares,
And charm but to betray. 'BETIMES INSTRUCT THEM.

MALLET.

FAB. I.

INTRODUCTION.

THE

LOOKING-GLASSES.

WHAT Horror thro' the Bosom steals
When blushing *History* reveals

The inexpressive Guilt of Those,
Who wont their Children to *expose*!

Poor, helpless Babes!—On Deserts cast, 5
The Sport of every taking Blast—
Fated, with houseless Heads, to 'bide
The pitiless pelting of each tide
Of chilly Rain ;—no Covering given
Against th' Extremities of Heaven ! 10

V. 4. —*Children to expose.*] For some Account of this inhuman Custom, of casting out such Children as they were unable or unwilling to educate ; See Potter's *Antiquities*. Vol. II. p. 333. And Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, Act III.

B

Ah !

2 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Ah! how shall they, ye Parents, tell,

The Midnight's baneful Dew repel,—

The Sun's meridian Scorchings bear,

The Cold and Heat's alternate War;

Who, ere abandon'd to the Strife,

15

Were doubtful Candidates for Life?

Awhile, with Thirst and Hunger faint,

Their inarticulate Complaint

Pierces the silent Night.—In vain,—

No Ear is Witness to their Pain,

20

Save the dull Beast's of prey;—He hears;

But ah! the tender Victim tears:

Or spar'd by him, at least they starve,

Unless a Miracle preserve.

Oft as we read the Tale of Woe,

25

The ready Tears spontaneous flow,

Shame burns our Check, and every Feature

Speaks Infamy to human Nature,

The ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY. 3

Degenerate thus.

 So mourns the *Sage*,
So swells his Breast with honest Rage, 30
At Those, who flight an equal Charge,—
Trusting the Infant *Soul* at large,
Where Storms of Vice incessant roar,
Void of Instruction's sacred Lore—
Launch the frail Bark on Folly's Tide, 35
Chart, Helm, and Ballast, all deny'd!

What Mother but would Beauty see
The Portion of her Progeny?

And what is Beauty, understood?

Th' Expression of some *moral Good*; 40

V. 40. "*Beauty—the Expression of some moral Good.*"—The Platonic Contemplators define Beauty a formal Grace, which delights and moves them to Love, who comprehend it. This Grace, say they, discoverable outwardly, is the Splendor and Ray of some *interior* and invisible Beauty, and proceedeth from the Forms of Compositions amiable. Whose Faculties, if they can aptly contrive their Matter, beget in the Subject an agreeable and pleasing Beauty.

BROWNE PSEUDODOX. EPIDEM.

4 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

'Tis by Philosophers defin'd,
An Emanation of the Mind,—
A form and hue the Grace within
Gives to the Features and the Mein.
As then by Cultivation's Care,
Each Virtue may be planted there ;
Adorn the Soul, true Beauty's Source,
The Face, its Index, mends of course ;

45

—What chiefly pleases in the Countenance, are the Indications of
moral Dispositions.

HUTCHESON'S INQUIRY, &c.

As to that most powerful Beauty in *Countenances, Airs, Gestures,*
&c.—it arises from some imagined *Indication* of morally good Disposi-
tions of Mind.

THE SAME.

“ If you make yourself such a Character (says Epictetus, speaking
of *moral Excellency*,) you will make yourself beautiful: but while you
neglect these Things, tho' you use every Contrivance to appear
beautiful, you must necessarily be deformed.”

Discourses of Epictetus by Miss Carter, Book III. Chap. 1.

These explain the *Socratic Exhortation*—ENDEAVOUR TO MAKE
YOURSELF BEAUTIFUL.

Begin :

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 5

Begin : convinc'd, by this Deduction,
That Loveliness infers Instruction. 50

Yes, who the Parent's Duty share,
Should watch, with unremitting Care,
The Dawn of Reason, seize, with joy,
The Golden Opportunity ;
And strive by every various Art, 55
To grave upon the yielding Heart
The Rules of Life.—So short the Season
Of truly free, unbias'd Reason ;
Defer Your Lesson but an Hour,
They're gone beyond Instruction's pow'r, 60
And, ere *Suspicion* is aware,
Error and Vice the Bosom share ;—
Distort the Features, and impress,
With odious Signatures, the Face :—
On your Authority they trample, 65
Confirm'd by Flattery, and Example.

As

26 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

As CHLOE study'd at her Glafs,
 That Galaxy of Charms, her Face,
 The modest MIRROR blush'd to view
 Her Cheek's adulterated Hue. 70
 Her Forehead---where the *Graces* stray'd,
 And Virgin-Innocence display'd
 Her lovely Banners, where the Mind
 Wrote all her Sentiments refin'd---
 He saw, and ficken'd at the Sight, 75
 One dull, unmeaning, Waste of White.
 By Fops besieg'd, her early Youth
 Was Stranger to the Laws of Truth,---
 That genuine Beauty ne'er was seen
 Where *Nature* rul'd not Sovereign Queen; 80
 Nature and Beauty still the same,
 They differ merely in the Name.

V. 81. *Nature and Beauty the same.*]—That which is the most showy and splendid, is not therefore the most beautiful and amiable. The *Bees*, which supply us both with *Light* and *Sweetness*, do not appear so pretty, to some, as *Spanish Flies*, which, under their *Faux-brillant*, conceal

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

7

Conscious of this, the faithful *Mirror*
Attempted to correct her Error.

He own'd, indeed, that Custom's Rules 85
(But Custom was the Law of Fools)
Might justify her weak Endeavour ;
But all the Wise and Good, for ever,
Would view with Scorn, at least with Pity,
A Face elaborately pretty.--- 90
Vow'd to offend her he was loth,
But Falshood and Imposture both,
Might claim Dominion o'er her Heart,
Who smil'd, wept, blush'd by Rules of Art ;
Nay, her whole Life, the four would cry, 95
Was one great, universal Lye.---
Of painted Sepulchres would bruit,
And Sodom's meretricious Fruit.

Th'

conceal a mortal Poison. Whence 'tis not a painted, and seeming Beauty
that reaches our Desires, but a simple and natural one, COMMUNICATED
FROM THE SOUL TO THE BODY, and irresistibly charming, when atten-
tively considered.

DE VENETTE.

8 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Th' ensanguin'd Robe (he said and sigh'd)
By which the World's great Master dy'd, 100
Struck not a deadlier Plague within,
Than her own medicated Skin.

Witness---each fair as Heart could wish her---

Witness my *C-v-ntry*, and *Fisher* :

To paint the Rose, and bleach the Lilly, 105

(Perish such Arts prophane and silly !)

This was their Aim; The *Graces* flew,

And *Nature*, as they daub'd, withdrew,

'Till, warn'd in vain by Teeth and Breath,

They beautify'd themselves to Death. 110

Trust your own Eyes, be these your Warning,

What is the *Pict* ?----ask every Morning,

Pale, fallow, spiritless and dead,

The Ghost of her that went to Bed.

V. 100. —*The World's great Master.*]—Hercules, who was poisoned
by a Shirt, dipped in the Blood of the Centaur, Nessus.

A Mind

The **ECONOMY of BEAUTY.** 9

A Mind at Ease, with Virtue fraught, 115
A Face illumin'd by generous Thought---
Add Temperance and early rising---
And all the *Coterie's* devising
Thou need'st not: Beauty ever took
Her best Cosmetic from the Brook. 120
So hints, perhaps, the Poet's Dream
Of *Venus* rising from the Stream.

Addicted as she was to Error,
She now look'd back with Shame and Terror,
A transitory Beam of Light 125
Fell on her Soul ;---she own'd him right ;
Convinc'd, condemn'd, his Rule believ'd,
And wept, for once, because---she griev'd.
Good Heav'ns ! she cry'd, is this my Fate
Only to please the Fools I hate ? 130
And have I then, in Wisdom's Eye,
Adorn'd me to Deformity ?

C

How

10 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

How slept my Mother's Love?---Oh! where
My Father's Friendship or his Care,
To trust me with myself so young? 135

No Rule to teach me Right from Wrong,---

Fashion my Guide, my Law became,---

Fashion and Truth to me the same.

My Tears may purify my Skin,

But what shall cleanse the Stains within? 140

Hypocrisy's foul Varnish there

Defiles my Soul, and will adhere,

Indelible by all my Care. }

When Affectation forms a Creature,

Whose Arts are any thing but Nature, 145

Where shall the arduous Task commence,

To bring her back to common Sense?

She paus'd, resolving to begin,

When FLORIO was announc'd---came in,

And

The ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY. 11

And bow'd and flatter'd ;---call'd her Face 150

The Sofa of each Love and Grace ;

Talk'd of her clear, transparent Skin,

And native Elegance of Mien.

At first she frown'd, but the fly Elf

Soon reconcil'd her to herself. 155

But when he prais'd her Wit and Taste,

Her Morning-Lecture, quite effac'd,

Her own Resolves, that Afternoon,

Flew both together to the Moon.

At length, not ev'n by Fops admir'd, 160

Poor Chloe from the World retir'd,

Where all that History has supply'd,

Is,---that she play'd at Cards,---and dy'd.

V. 163. [*—Play'd at Cards,—and dy'd.*]

But why already prone

To fade, should Beauty cherish its own Bane ?

O Shame ! O Pity, nipt with pale *Quadrille*,

And Midnight Cares, the Bloom of Albion dies !

ARMSTRONG.

12 *The* **ECONOMY of BEAUTY.**

Happy, who from another's Sorrow,
A Caution for herself shall borrow. 165

Ye British Fair ! for Friendship's Sake,
This Trinket to your Toilet take ;
To dress the Mind as well as Face,
Our Fables are the Looking-Glass ;
What *Habits* to reject, or wear, 170
Useful and useless, foul and fair,
They at a single Glance will shew t'ye---
THE WHOLE ECONOMY OF BEAUTY.

T H E



T H E
PELICAN AND THE SPIDER.



Of Children nursed by their own Mothers, it has been observed, that they more generally resemble their Parents, than such as are delivered over to Strangers. And let it be remembered, that the Face of a lovely Woman is never illuminated by such irresistible Tenderness, as when she is employed in that Holy Office. He therefore that can prevail on the Ladies to revive this Duty, bids fair to improve the Beauty of the present, and of future Generations.

RICHARDS :

FAB. II.

THE
PELICAN AND SPIDER.

F A B L E II.

THE Sphere of mild, domestic Life,
A Daughter, Mother, Mistress, Wife,
Who fills approv'd, shall live in Story,
And gain the Height of female Glory.

To You,---believe an honest Song--- 5
The *Charities* of Life belong ;
Those gentler Offices, that bind
The social Ties of human-kind:
All Praises, but for These, decry ;
And Fame is blasting Infamy. 10

But chief o'er all, ye wiser Fair,
The MOTHER's sacred Charge revere.---
Pure, heart-ennobling, blest Employ !
Which Saints and Angels lean with Joy

14 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

To view from Heaven ;---which can dispense 15
O'er all the Soul their own Benevolence.

Hail, holy Task !---'Tis thine t' impart
More Virtues to the melting Heart :—
Such Heights of moral Grace to reach,
As proud Philosophy could never teach. 20

Maternal Love !---The iron-soul'd
Melt at thy Touch ; the Coward, bold
Become at once ;---thro' Rocks will force ;---
Nor Flood, nor Fire can stop their Course ;---
Will brave the Lybian Lion wild, 25
Should Danger threat the favourite Child.

V. 22. *The Coward bold become*]—— The great Poet of Nature
has touched this Sentiment with exquisite Beauty.

Unreasonable Creatures feed their Young ;
And tho' Man's Face be fearful to their Eyes,
Yet, in Protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those Wings,
Which sometimes they have us'd with fearful Flight)
Make War with Him that climb'd unto their Nest,
Offering their own Lives in their Young's Defence ?

Is

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 15

Is there, whom Fashion, Pride, or Pleasure,
Tempts to forget the living Treasure?—

Who to her own Indulgence grants
That Care, or Cost, her Infant wants? 30

What Wonder should the Sage insist
She yields in STORGE to a Beast,

The Good abhor, the Wit deride her,
And read her History in the *Spider*?—

Who trusts her Nursling to another, 35
A Parent she ;—but not a Mother.

Beneath a venerable Shade,
The pious PELICAN had made
Her humble Nest ;---with Rapture there
Incessant ply'd the Mother's Care. 40

V. 32. *Storgè—Natural Love and Affection.*] The tender and careful Nursing of Children, is the first and most natural Duty incumbent upon Parents. And there cannot be a greater Reproach to Creatures that are indued with Reason, than to neglect a Duty, to which Nature directs even the Brutes.—It cannot be neglected without a downright Affront to Nature.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON, Vol. I. 606.

From

16 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

From Night to Morn, from Morn to Night,
Not more her Duty, than Delight,
To watch the tender, chirping Brood,
Protect them, and provide their Food.
At dewy Eve, at Morning's Spring, 45
Soft-canopy'd beneath her Wing
They slept secure ;---Herself sustains,
Patient, the cold, and drenching Rains,
Nor felt, nor fear'd the furious Storm,
Her callow Nestlings dry and warm. 50
Whate'er her early Search supplies,
Deny'd her own Necessities,
She gave her Young, and prov'd from thence
The Luxury of Abstinence.
In vain the *Concert* in the Grove, 55
In vain the wing'd *Assembly* strove
To tempt her from the Nursery's Care,
Her Music and her Mirth were there.

Thus—

The ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY. 17

Thus liv'd She, till one fatal Day,
Doom'd all her Virtues to display, 60

What Time the Morning's wish'd Supply
Eludes her utmost Industry.

She fish'd the Brook;—she div'd the Main,
Search'd Hill and Dale, and Wood in vain;
Not one poor Grain the World affords, 65

To feed her helpless hungry Birds.

What should she do?—Ah! see they faint;—

With unavailing, weak Complaint,

These dearer than her vital Breath,

Resign to Famine's lingering Death? 70

The Thought was Frenzy.—No;—she press'd

Her sharp Beak on her own kind Breast,

With cruel Piety, and fed

Her wondering Infants as she bled.

V. 74. *Fed her wondering Infants, &c.*] In every Place we meet
with the Picture of the Pelican, opening her Breast with her Bill,
and feeding her young ones, with the Blood distilling from her.

D

This

18 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

"Accept, she cry'd, dear, pretty Crew! 75

"This Sacrifice to Love and You."

"Mad Fool, forbear," exclaim'd a SPIDER,

That indolently loung'd beside her;

"This horrid Act of thine evinces

"Your Ignorance of Courts and Princes. 80

"Lord, what a Creature!—Tear thy Neck fast,

"To give thy peevish Brats a Breakfast!

"Hadst thou among the Great resided,

"And mark'd their Manners well, as I did,—

"The Mother's Milk, much less her Blood, 85

"Is ne'er the well-born Infant's Food.

This hath been asserted by many holy Writers, and was an Hieroglyphic of Piety, and Pity, among the Egyptians; on which Consideration, they spared them at their Tables.

PSEUDODOX. EPIDEM.

The *Pelican* has a peculiar Tendernefs for its Young, and is supposed to admit them to suck Blood from its Breast.

CALMET.

Why

- “ Why there’s my Lady OSTRICH now,
 “ Who visits in the Vale below,
 “ Knows all the Fashion on this Head :
 “ Soon as her La’ship’s brought to-bed, 90
 “ She,—else the Birth would prove her Curse—
 “ Gives it the Elements to nurse.
 “ ’Tis true, some Accident may hurt it,
 “ Its Limbs be broken, and distorted,
 “ Admit there’s Chance it does not live—— 95
 “ Pleasure is our Prerogative.

V. 87. *Lady OSTRICH*——] On the least Noise, or trivial Occasion, she forsakes her Eggs, or her young ones : to which perhaps she never returns ; or if she does, it may be too late either to restore Life to the one, or to preserve the Lives of the others. The *Arabs* often meet with a few of the little ones, no bigger than well-grown Pullets, half-starved, straggling, and *moaning about, like so many distressed Orphans for their Mother.*

SHAW’S TRAVELS.

V. 92. *Gives it the Elements to nurse.*] She leaveth her Eggs in the Earth—and forgetteth that the Foot may crush them, or that the wild Beast may break them. She is hardened against her young ones, as tho’ they were not hers ; her Labour is in vain without Fear ; be-

20 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

“ And Brooms and Brushes be my Ruin !

“ Ere in a Nest I'd sit a stewing——

“ Or, for my Duty's Sake, forsooth,

“ To Nursing sacrifice my Youth ;— 100

“ Ere let my Brats my Flesh devour ;

“ I'd eat them up a Score an Hour.”

Foul Fiend—the lovely *Martyr* cry'd,

Avaunt ! thy horrid Person hide ;

Folly and Vice thy Soul disgrace, 105

'Twas these, not *Pallas*, spoil'd thy Face,

And funk Thee to the reptile Race.

cause God hath deprived her of Wisdom, neither hath he imparted
to her Understanding. JOB xxxix.

They have so little Brains, that *Heliogabalus* had six hundred Heads
for his Supper.

DR. YOUNG.

V. 106. —*Not Pallas, spoil'd thy Face.*] See Ovid's *Metamorpho-*
sis, Beginning of Book VI. the Transformation of *Arachne* into a
Spider, translated by Dr. Croxal.

This Race of Beings may be easily distinguished by their Pride,
Self-conceit, and utter Impatience of all Advice. Ovid introduces

one

Yes, thy own Bowels hung thee there——
A Felon, out of Nature's Care---
'Twixt Heaven and Earth, abhorr'd of both, 110
Emblem of Selfishness and Sloth.

Ye *Coterieans* ! who profess
No Business but to dance and dress,
Pantheists ! who no God adore,
Housewives, that stay at home no more, 115
Wives without Husbands, Mothers too,
Whom your own Children never knew,

one of them answering the Goddess of Wisdom herself in this Manner,
Thou doating Thing ! whose idle babling Tongue
But too well shews the Plague of living long;
Hence ! and reprove with this your sage Advice
Your giddy Daughter, or your awkward Niece ;
Know, I despise your Counsel, and am still—
A Woman ever wedded to my Will.

CROXAL.

What then must a poor Poet expect from the modern *Arachnes* ?—
if there be any such among us.

V. 112. *Coterieans, Pantheists, &c.*] It is impossible to guess
what particular People are here addressed by the Author. The
geographical Dictionaries, ancient and modern, have been searched
in

Who less the blessed Sun esteem
 Than Lamps and Tapers' greasy Gleam;
 Ye Morning Gamesters, Walkers, Riders, 120
 Say, are you PELICANS or SPIDERS?

in vain. It has been thought, when we are favoured with fuller Accounts of the Island of *Otabita*, and its Inhabitants, the Difficulty may be removed. For my own Part, however, judging from the *Singularity* of their Manners, I am apt to suspect they are particular Casts of those very extraordinary People, the HOTTENTOTS.

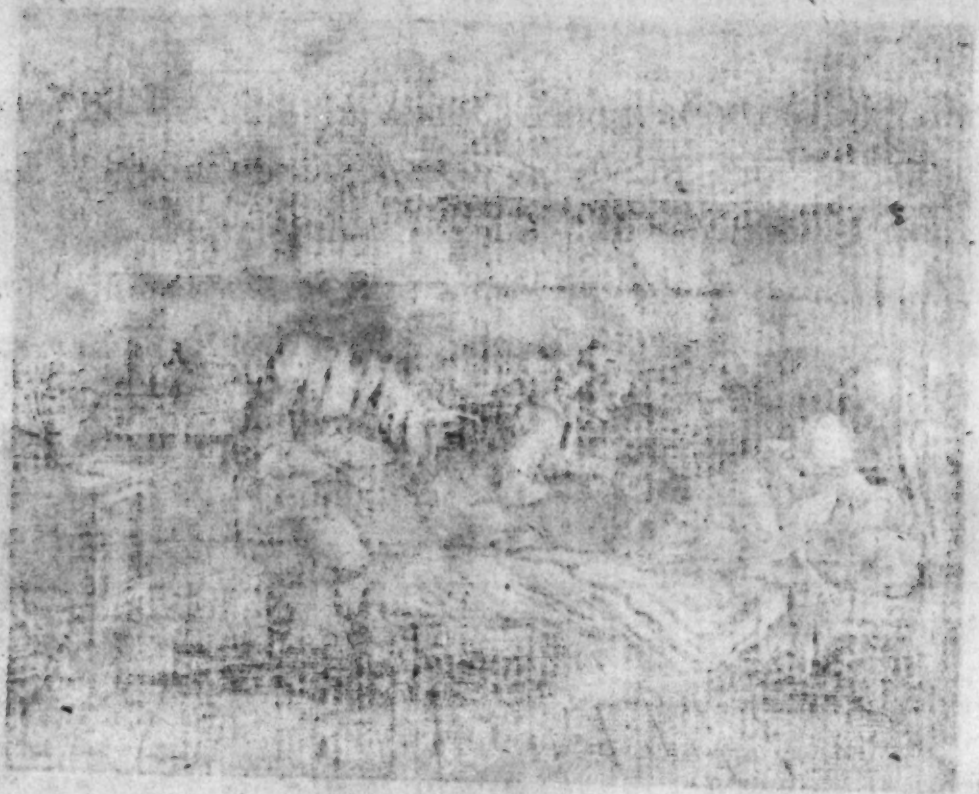
SLAWKENBERGIUS.



THE

J H T

D O C T O R



The first of these is the fact that the

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1881

THE
DOCTOR.



The first Physicians by *Debauch* were made,
Excess began, and SLOTH sustains the Trade;
By Chace our long-liv'd Fathers earn'd their Food,
Toil strung their Nerves, and purify'd their Blood:
The wife, for Health, on EXERCISE depend—
GOD NEVER MADE HIS WORKS FOR MAN TO MEND.

DRYDEN.

FAB. III.

T H E
D O C T O R.

F A B L E III.

CHILDREN of Galen! Fellows regular,
And Ye, whom Warwick's double Bolts
exclude
From medicinal Honors! born, perchance,
Crime irremissible!--Where *Tueda's* cold,
Anti-baptifmal Waters wash away 5
From every Creature every Sign of Grace,
And virtuous Quality; Oh! spare, forgive
A Muse, that dares, with trembling Voice, to speak
The Praises of a Foe,---STRONG TEMPERANCE.
Her Votaries ne'er conven'd, in deep Consult, 10
Or You or You;---ne'er touch'd with golden Meed

V. 2. *Warwick*]—Physician's College, in Warwick Lane, London.

V. 4. *Tueda*—] The River Twede.

24 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Your Palms, instinct with Spirit, which, like the Gates
Of gloomy Dis, are open Night and Day.

Thee, Temperance, Thee the Saint, the Sage obeys,
Thee, the lone Eremite; firm-finew'd Health, 15
And young-ey'd Joy, and rosy-featur'd Beauty,
Dance in thy Train.---Thee suffer'd to preside
Over her Meals and Sleep, the Virgin needs
No strong *Tetanothrum*, Parisian Rouge,
False Perfume for her Breath, or Tincture fam'd 20
Of Youth-restoring SAGE, "with Cautions fold
"More than good Men can think expedient."---She,
By lavish Nature deck'd, nor wants, nor wears
The Wig's stupendous Architecture stiff.

Guardian of human-kind !---'Tis thine to mix 25
The Physic of the Soul ;---*Chimæras* dire
And moping *Melancholy*, *Megrin* black,
And *Hypochondria*, undefined Plague !

V. 20. *Tetanothrum*]—A Medicine to take away Wrinkles.—

Hysteric's

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 25

Hysteric's ever-varying Form, the Child
Of Sloth and curst *Bohea* (as Goblins red 30
At Voice of matin-chaunting Chanticleer)
Fade at thy Power, and all is Health and Peace.

Who bear the Parent's honour'd Name, from her,
Her only, hope or Health, or decent Strength,
Your Children's Lot.---Beware of Luxury! 35
Should the high *Calipach*, or *Calipee*,
Rich Aldermannic Food be to their Taft
Indulg'd; should Sloth intrude within the Bourn
Of Nursery, there the Doctor and Disease
Are frequent Visitants:---But where Excess 40
Ne'er shew'd her bloated Visage; say, ye Crew!
Of fabling Beldams! vers'd in Almanac
Of twice-dead *Partridge*, Leach, Astrologer,

V. 43. —*twice-dead Partridge*.]—See the Accomplishment of the
first of Mr. Bickerstaff's Predictions, being an Account of the Death
of Mr. Partridge, the Almanac-maker.

SWIFT'S *Miscellanies*, Vol. I.

E

Why,

26 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Why, when mild Autumn spreads her yellow Robe,
 Or Spring replumes the Zephyr,---why predict 45
 To trembling Mothers the Disease or Death
 Of their untainted Girls ; unless the Draught,
 Cathartic or Emetic, grievous both
 To mortal Taste, poison their loathing Bowels ?
 Is Sickness then the Source of Health ?---Can Art 50
 Blind, bungling Art reform the Works of God ?---
 Read and abjure the impious Doctrine.

Once

Astrology and Phÿsic, both possess'd,
 Ill-fated Wretch ! one Mortal's addled Head. 55
 'Twas as he ply'd his Traffic with the Stars,
 At Noon of Night, he read, or seem'd to read,
 Himself, and favourite Knave, hight COLIN, then

V. 58. — *Favourite Knave, Servant, Footman.*—]

So if my Man must Praises have,
 What then must I that keep the *Knave* ?

SIR PHIL. SIDNEY.

Ruddy

Ruddy with youthful Lustihood, should dye
Both in one Day,---What chilly Horror smote 60
His trembling Bosom!---Now how dear the Life
Of COLIN to the doating Sophister!

Secluded from the halesome Breeze of Heav'n,
And e'en domestic Exercise forbid,
Left Colds obstruct his Perspiration, he, 65
With passive Stomach, takes whate'er of Gums,
Fossil, or Mineral, or virtuous Plant,
The Master's Mind, sagacious, could prescribe
For Health-preserving Power:---Nor wanted here
Blister or Clyster, or chirurgic Aid 70
Of cool *Phlebotomy*:—Yet just when Art
Survey'd her Work, triumphant, and pronounc'd
The Patient fortify'd at every Point,
With adscititious Health, impregnable,

V. 59. *Lustihood, or Lustibed.*—] Vigor, Sprightliness, corporal Ability.

And dos'd for Immortality ; the Boy, 75
 Most contumacious Boy ! in Art's Despight,
 Dy'd of the DOCTOR.———

Trembles th' astonish'd Leach ; ---Despair suspends
 His every Faculty, and near fulfill'd

Instant his own Prediction.—“ COLIN's Life, 80

“ By adamantine Links of Fate with mine

“ Concatenate, is rest for ever.---Yes !

“ I see the grievly Fiend, inexorable,

“ Invite me to his cold Embrace.---I come, 85

“ Pale Tyrant, I submit.---And oh ! (he raves)

“ Ye Stars, and Planets, affable no more,

V. 77. *Dy'd of the Doctor.*] A Disease well known in Italy, ever since that celebrated Epitaph was inscribed on the Monument of a Valetudinarian ; STAVO BEN, MA PER STAR MEGLIO, STO QUI. On which Mr. *Addison* observes, that the Fear of Death often proves mortal, and sets People on Methods to save their Lives, which infallibly destroy them.

“ Shut

“ Shut up your Houses ;---sweet *Hygeia*, Thou,

“ My Bosom’s other Mistress !---All adieu !”

Yet while the Hour, his only Hour of Life, 90

Still pour’d the streaming Sand, eftsoons he gave---

Strange to relate ! refunded many a Fee,

Accepted nothing-loath.---And now he waits

Th’ expected Stroke of Death.---But Hour to Hour,

And Day to Day succeeds ; nor yet he feels, 95

Surpris’d, the Moment of the fatal Star.

At length *Apollo* pluck’d his Ear, and prov’d

From his own Life, and hapless COLIN’s Death,

The Vanity of both his honour’d Arts.

Where Health resides not Beauty never blooms: 100

Nor can the Mind, Artificer of Grace,

Exert her plastic Powers, where *Pain* distorts,

V. 88. *Hygeia*.—] The Goddess of Health, and Daughter of *Æsculapius*.

V. 91. *Eftsoons*.—] Soon afterwards, in a short Time, again.

V. 96. *Moment of the fatal Star*.] Force or Stroke.

Or

30 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

Or th' uncreative Hand of fell *Disease*
Has petrify'd the subject Body, then
Of Beauty's Seal incapable. But these, 105
Not instant yet, weak timid Man
Invites by fearing, and by flying courts.

By Reason's Ballance, not *Sanctorius'* Chair
Of Ounces, Grains and Scruples, weigh your Life;
Be temperate, and leave the rest to Heaven, 110
T' enjoy is to be grateful; what To-morrow
May possible produce, cease thou to ask,
Nor be CADOGAN'D into Want and Woe.

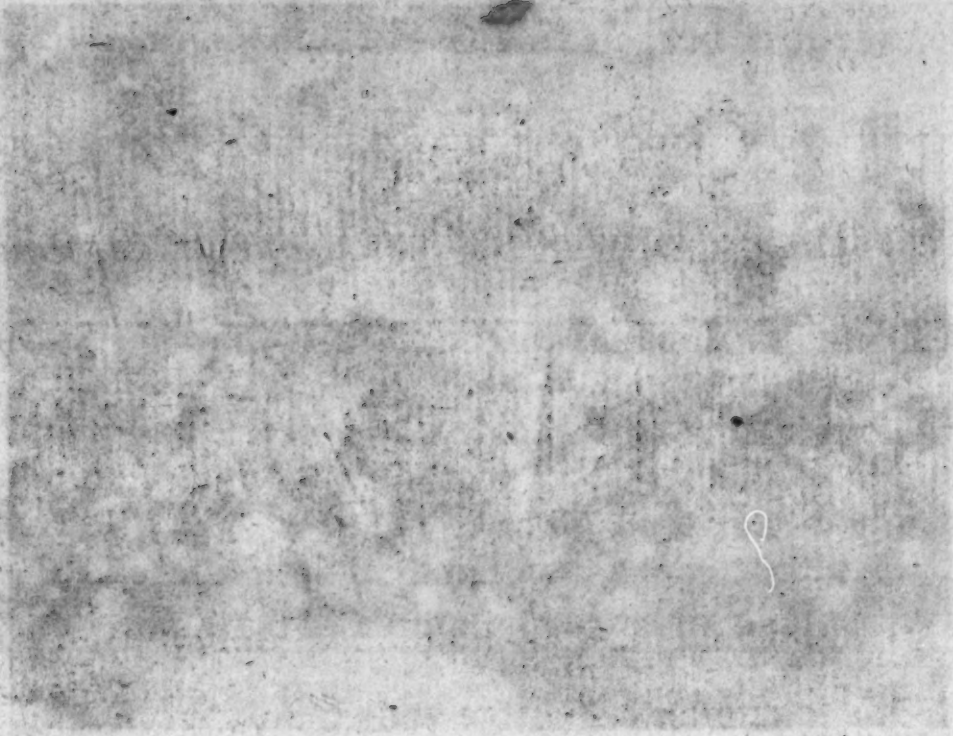
V. 108. *Sanctorius' Chair.*] A certain mathematical Chair, which was so artificially hung upon Springs, that it would weigh any Thing as well as a Pair of Scales, By this Means he discovered how many Ounces of his Food passed by Perspiration, what Quantity of it was turned into Nourishment, and how much went away by the other Channels and Distributions of Nature.

SPECTATOR.

THE

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T H E
T W O L A M P S.



J. Taylor del. et sculp.

———Thus doth Beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, ev'n in outward Shape,
Where dawns the high Expression of a Mind.—
MIND, MIND alone, bear Witness Earth and Heaven!
The living Fountains in itself contains
Of Beauteous and Sublime: here hand in hand,
Sit paramount the Graces; here inthron'd,
Cœlestial Venus, with divinest Airs,
Invites the Soul to never-fading Joy.

AKINSIDE.

FAB. IV.

T H E
T W O L A M P S.

F A B L E IV.

E R E yet Hypocrisy and Art
Have wrap'd in treble Brass the Heart---
The natural Intercourse suppress
Between the Countenance and Breast;
Each Motion of the Mind we trace,
By her Interpreter, the Face. 5

Rage, Envy, Malice, 'tis agreed,
Are Passions he that runs may read;
These on the passive Forehead make
Impressions that we can't mistake, 10
Changing the human Face divine—
A NERO for an ANTONINE.

Ev'n *Socrates* himself confess'd,
Tho' Wisdom had reform'd his Breast,

32 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

No after Study could efface
The Lineaments of vile and base;
Such once he was, and these were seen
Indelible in Look and Mien :
Proofs that Deformity proclame
Moral and *Personal* the same. 15 20

These warn the Parent to commence,
With the first orient Dawn of Sense,
The Work of Beauty : now begin
To sow the Seeds of *Grace* within,
While, guiltless of a Weed, the Soil
With all its Powers may bless your Toil. 25

First *filial Piety* impart,
With *Gratitude* inform their Heart,
And *Love* for you ; these rooted there
Shall bloom o'er all their Face and Air :--- 30
The Features melt, and each be deckt
With lovely Meekness and Respect.

Let

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 33

Let *Pity* be an early Theme ;
Ah ! teach the decent Tear to stream
For other's Woe : a *selfish* Mind 35

The whole hard Countenance will bind,
And petrify—a fullen Gloom
Spreading o'er Nature's fairest Bloom,—
The Eye sinks dead, the cold Blood streaks,
Ineloquent, the frozen Cheeks. 40

But let *Benevolence* controul,
Dilate, and dignify the Soul,
The Face, illumin'd by the Mind,
(Angels are fair because they're kind)
With ever-varying Grace is found 45
To beam Light, Life, and Love around.
It tunes the Voice, and every Tone
Is *Philomela's* warbled Moan.

What Colors shall the Muse supply
To paint the phraseless Dignity, 50
F The

34 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

The awful, yet engaging Mien
Of injur'd Innocence, within,
And conscious Worth? by Heaven's Intent
At once their Guard and Ornament.

So on some Meadow's banky Side, 55
Where *Flora* reigns in artless Pride,
The same rich Beam, that *shews* the Bloom,
Creates the Color and Perfume.

Soon as fair *Friendship's* holy Spell
Has taught the little Heart to swell, 60
To every Feature 'twill supply
A corresponding Harmony,---
Cast the whole Countenance a-new,
Tho' softening, yet ennobling too.

But chief, *Devotion's* hallow'd Duties 65
Must crown and beautify their Beauties:

Hence,

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 35

Hence, redolent of Joy serene,
Divine Love's elevated Mien ;

Hence Peace and genuine Honor spread
Their blended Glories round the Head ; 70

Hence the meek Eye with Hope replete,
Yet beaming with a Seraph's Heat.

Th' Elysian Glow, and every Grace
Thron'd in the true *Madonna* Face.

So, Poets feign, *Prometheus* stole 75
From HEAVEN his animating Coal.

Parent ! ere yet their Features fix,
Or Folly with the Heart can mix,—

For in a tainted Vessel pour'd,
The generous Infusion's pour'd— 80

Be These thy Arts ; their Souls refine,
And all the *Calipædia's* thine :

V. 82. *Calipædia*—] A Latin Poem so called, teaching the Art
of having beautiful Children.

36 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

For Virtue's self (so *Plato* thought)

To visible Existence brought,—

This, This is Beauty---must be so,

85

Or Beauty's but a Name below.

A suiting Body it creates,

Pervades, illumines, assimilates.

Thus the warm virgin-Wax receives

Th' Impression, that the Signet gives :

90

Now a chaste *Vestal* seems, and now

The Goddess of the painted Bow ;

Now bears aloft the plummy Crest,

And all *Minerva* stands confest ;

Now the majestic Wife of *Jove*,

95

And now the Queen of Grace and Love ;---

Her faery Cupids hovering round,

With tiny Shafts prepar'd to wound,

Sportive o'er all her Person straying,

Now on her Cheek, or Bosom playing,

100

Now

The ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY. 37

Now in her beamy Eyes they meet,
Ambrosian Hands, or silver Feet.

'Twas at a *Miser's* cold Abode,
Two *chrystal Urns* survey'd the Road;
This shone (while That was void and damp) 105
Conscious of Oyl and Fire—a LAMP.
For Shew he plac'd them nothing loath,
But ah! th' Expence to light them both,
He saw by Calculation clear,
At This *per* Day was That *per* Year. 110

The *beamless* Vase, when Night prevail'd,
Her Unimportance thus bewail'd:
Too partial Fate! why doom to me
This odious, dull Obscurity?
Here many a tedious Night I've hung, 115
Nor blest'd by old, nor prais'd by young,

38 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

To me scarce one kind Glance is given;
 While like the Moon, that *Lamp of Heaven*,
 My Sister of congenial Glafs,
 Wins all the Hearts of all that pass. 120

Suppose her Station they revere,
 I boast the same exalted Sphere;
 Do they with Awe her *Crown* behold,
 Her Dress of blue, distinct with Gold?
 These gave her not superior Fame, 125
 Her Ornaments and mine the same.

'Tis not her easy Shape and Air,
 Her swelling Bosom heavenly-clear,
 Her smoother Polish, brighter Hue;
 No; for in these we're hardly two. 130

Yet while she sits triumphant by,
 The *Cynosure* of every Eye,

V. 132. *The Cynosure.*—] The North Star, by which Sailors
 steer their Ships.

I'm,

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 39

I'm seen, if seen, with Scorn alone,
May fall unmis'd, or stand unknown.
Speak, Dotards! speak, the Difference shew, 135
Or own Caprice rules all below.

Sister, forbear, the other cry'd,
To tell the World you're mortify'd.
Envy no Votaries shall gain,
It scarce has Pity for its Pain. 140

'Tis not indeed my fairer Frame,---
No native Excellence I clame;
'Tis not my Body's happier Mold,
More polish'd, pure, or rich with Gold:
In these one Character's our Due, 145
You fair as I, I frail as you.
And yet while you neglected sit,
Or but the Theme of taunting Wit,

I fix

40 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

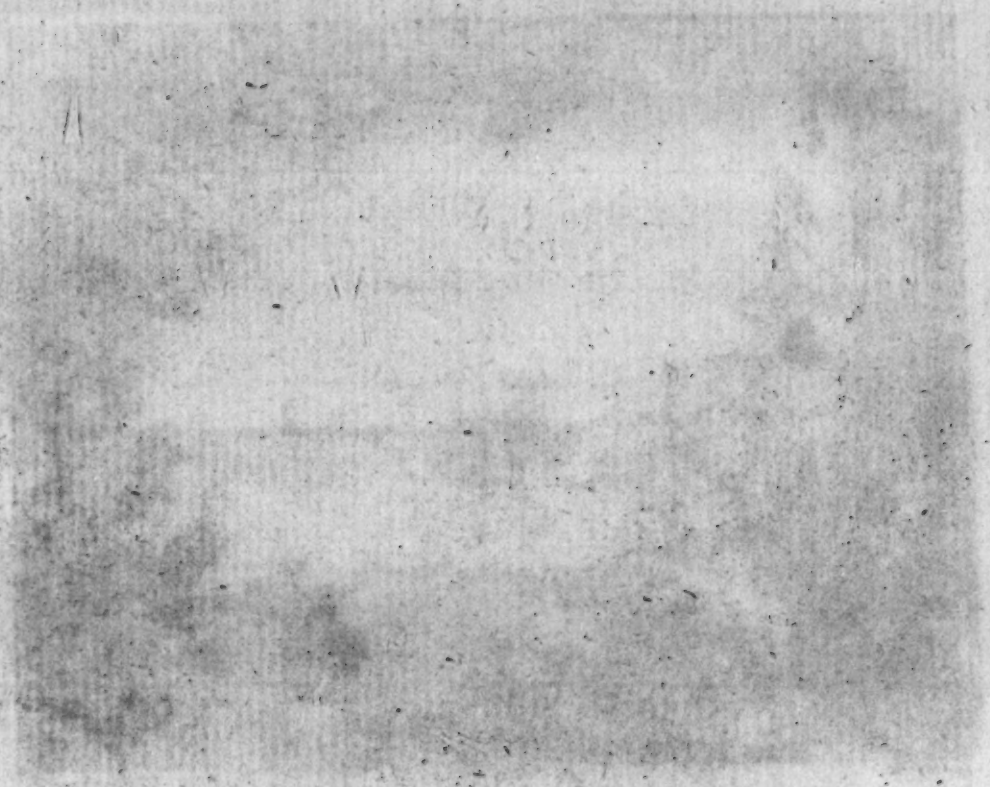
I fix the Traveller's ardent Gaze,
Have all his Blessing, all his Praise. 150

What can this different Treatment win?
Sure, Sister, 'tis THE LIGHT WITHIN.



THE

THE
YOUNG EAGLE



It is an inevitable result of the progress of the world to find that the people of the world are becoming more and more united. The world is becoming a more compact body, and the people are becoming more and more united. The world is becoming a more compact body, and the people are becoming more and more united. The world is becoming a more compact body, and the people are becoming more and more united.

T H E
Y O U N G E A G L E .



It is an irremediable Disadvantage to young People, to be introduced to the World too soon. Void of Principles and Judgement, they are every Moment in Danger of contracting bad Habits by Imitation.—First therefore impress upon their Minds an adequate Idea of what is really amiable and graceful; and they will naturally attach themselves to the *best* Examples, and, under their Influence, easily reduce the Rule to Practice.

ANON.

FAB. V.

THE

YOUNG EAGLE.

ABEL EV.

BELINDA, Theme of every Song,
In Age a Saint, an Angel young—

Whose easy flowing Talk ne'er lost

One Conquest that your Eyes could boast—

My Guide, my Patroness, and Muse, 5

For once the Voice of Praise excuse.

In Pity to the vernal Bloom
Of British Beauty, lo! I come,
Of Thee to learn that magic Art,
Which stole, thro' every Sense, the Heart— 10
Infallibly attain'd its End
To fix the Lover, and the Friend:

G

Oh,

Oh, teach me all thy self—disclose
From whence thy mystic Reign arose.

She look'd Consent, and thus, with Pleasure, 15
Effus'd the sentimental Treasure.

I. In Age a Saint, an Angel young—
“ Attend, ye Fair, while I impart
“ The Secret how to please;
“ The Rudiments of Beauty's Art
“ Are short, and only These: 20

II. In Pity to the vernal Bloom
“ All Flattery learn betimes to shun,
“ Not once that *Syren* hear;
“ Know, Praise for Virtues not your own,
“ Is Satire most severe.

“ Flattery

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 43

III.

“ Flattery the *Lethe* of the Soul, 25

“ No Science leaves behind—

“ Worse than the fell *Circéan* Bowl,

“ It poisons all the Mind.

IV.

“ 'Tis not in Gold, bright-sparkling Stone,

“ Or brighter-sparkling Eyes, 30

“ The Value of the *Fair* is known,

“ For these the *Good* despise.

V.

“ What tho' the Spring's Elysian Glow

“ On either Cheek were seen,

“ Or whiter than the virgin-Snow 35

“ Your Neck's pellucid Skin :

44 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

VI.

“ Yet Pride, or Affectation, these
“ Will more than Age deform,
“ And Envy, worse than pale Disease,
“ Shall wither every Charm. 40

VII.

“ True Wit exists but with GOOD-NATURE,—
“ The Parent of Politeness;
“ Let that illumine every Feature,
“ And lend the Eye its Brightness.

VIII.

“ Virtue is Grace and Dignity, 45
“ 'Tis more than Royal Blood,
“ A Gem the World's too poor to buy;—
“ Would you be fair?—BE GOOD.”

V. 48. *Would you be fair?—*] Among the Greeks, Good and BEAUTIFUL were convertible Terms, and supposed to be as necessarily connected as Cause and Effect. Can you imagine—says *Socrates* to his

diffolute

The ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY. 45

In Dawn of Life this Lesson taught
By Friendship's Seraph Voice, she fought, 50
Studious, amid the Fair and Young,
To realife the moral Song :—
Caught from (not copy'd by Degrees)
A *Waldegrave*, Dignity and Ease ;
A *Marlborough*, every Grace—THE QUEEN, 55
Her mild Benevolence of Mien ;—
A Disposition of the Heart
Made visible in every Part,
Whate'er is offer'd, to approve,
By Friendship, Loyalty, or Love : 60
Charm universal !—If but One,
Supplying all ; which, like the Sun,

dissolute Pupil—that what is good is not also beautiful ? We have
precisely the same Idea in an old philosophic Proverb of our own ; but
being trite and vulgar, it has the Misfortune to be overlooked :
Handsome is, that handsome does.

Beams

46 *The ECONOMY of BEAUTY.*

Beams all around a gracious Light,
And yet retains its native Height.

'Twas near the various-sounding Flood, 65

The Palace of the EAGLE stood,

Where for his Son, the King affords

A University of Birds :—

Employ'd to teach the feather'd Youth

Th' important Rules of Grace and Truth--- 70

In rising, sinking, and in sailing,

Define and analyse the *Kalon*—

And, e'er he should affect the Sky,

Shew how an *Eagle* ought to fly ;

Left, imitating vulgar Fowl, 75

He wink, and goggle like an Owl,

When he should face, with open Gaze,

The Summer-Sun's Meridian Blaze.

V. 72. *The Kalon*—] The amiable or beautiful, that is, whatsoever is really good. See the last Note.

“ What!

- “ What! shall a Nation’s Joy and Wonder,
“ Heir to the Lightning and the Thunder 80
“ Of Sovereign Jove—the future Guest
“ Of many a gorgeous, nectar’d Feast,
“ With unbred Bashfulness of Face,
“ Like *Venus*’ simple Doves, disgrace
“ The Hero’s Seat?—Or, like the Fop 85
“ Of *Juno*, flutter, strut, and hop,
“ Pouring around th’ Olympian Hall,
“ Disgusting Dissonance of Squall?”
“ Forbid it Fate!—--and every Power
“ That rul’d thy glorious natal Hour! 90
“ Prince, know thyself;---Oh, use thy Pinion,
“ As conscious of the vast Dominion
“ By *Jove* assign’d thee :---Greatly dare
“ In boundless Regions of the Air.”

V. 86. *The Fop of Juno*—] The Peacock sacred to her.

He hears ;---and, ballancing his Wings, 95
 Spurns Earth beneath him, upwards springs,
 Displaying all their Rules had done,
 Full in the broad Eye of the Sun.
 With rapid Strokes he towers amain,
 Then sinks precipitate.---Again 100
 He soars, and seems to chase a *Foe*,
 Then floats upon the Wind majestically flow.

Aloft in circling Eddies plays
 An *Eagle* of the *Hero* Race,
 Who, Heaven and Earth, and Sea explor'd, 105
 O'er every *Fowl* supremely soar'd ;
 He caught the sportive *Eaglet's* Eye,
 Who darted dauntless, thro' the Sky,
 And by the great Example fir'd,
 Up to the *Alps* of Heaven aspir'd :--- 110

Where'er

Where'er the experienc'd *Veteran* pass'd,
 Follow'd with emulative Haste
 The young *Competitor* ;---nor ceas'd
 Till, every Day new Graces gain'd,
 To Glory's Summit he attain'd. 115

Thus the *Thessalian Virgin* led
 Awhile, beneath the Forest's Shade,
 A Life obscure ; unseen, unknown,
 Till, manly Science all her own,
 She burst a Glory from the Grove, 120
 And melted every Heart to Love.

Half-beast, Half-man, the *Centaur* Brood,—
 Those *RAKES* of old, her Charms subdu'd ;
 To every Age her Story given,
 Flew on the Wings of Fame to Heaven. 125

V. 116. *The Thessalian Virgin*.—] *Cænis*, see Ovid's *Metam.*
 Book XII. *Cænis* into an Eagle, translated by Mr. Dryden.

V. 122. *Centaur*—*Rakes of old*.—] See Dedication to Dr. Young's
Centaur not fabulous.

H

Her

50 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

Her Conquests told, the Poets feign
She chang'd her Sex, and liv'd a Man,
Dying, an *Eagle's* Pinion took,
And with the Bolts of Jove Olympus shook.

“ Let early Precept form the Breast, 130
“ Prepare to know, and chuse THE BEST,
“ Example will confirm, and dictate all the Rest.” }

V. 128. *Dying an Eagle—*]

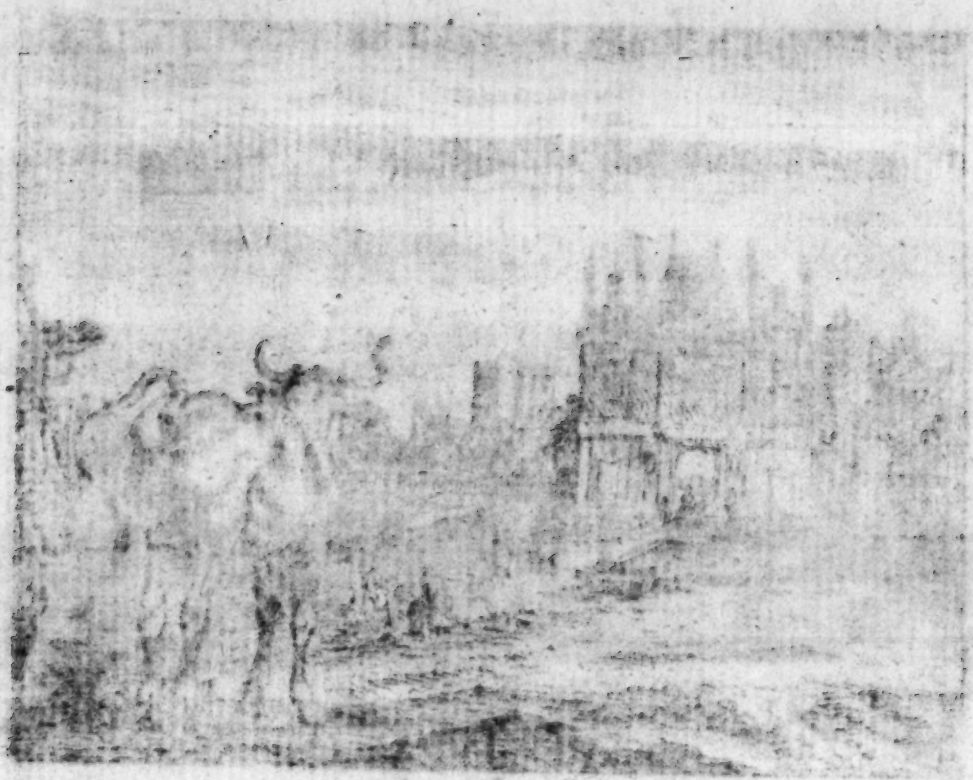
—————He saw a yellow Bird arise
From out the Piles, and cleave the liquid Skies—
All hail, he cry'd, thy Country's Grace and Love!

DRYDEN CÆNUS.

T H E

THE

MAGGOT AND THE OX



T H E
MAGGOT AND THE OX.



—I disdain

That Elegance, which such as Thou can teach.

VIRTUE ALONE IS ELEGANT, alone

Polite ; *Vice* must be sordid and *deform'd*,

Tho' to adorn her every Art contend.

FAB. VI.

THE
MAGGOT AND THE OX.

F A B L E VI.

IN mean Accomplishments who fix
A Woman's Praise, blaspheme the Sex.

It was Sempronia's *Fault* to dance
With more than decent Elegance :

In such-like Arts take this Direction,

Mere Mediocrity's Perfection,

Nor speaks the *Paradox* amiss,

That *Half* is more than *All*, in this.

'Tis true, an antient *Sage* advances

The Virtues may be taught by Dances,

The *Cretan* and the *Pyrrhic* Modes

Were worthy Heroes, Kings and Gods.

Their *Art* is lost :—Our latter Ages

(Witness the lewd Freaks of the Stages)

Bear from St. James's down to Wapping, 15
 Mere capering, quivering, stradling, hopping;
 Sense, Nature, Decency, and Grace,
 Proscrib'd, and banish'd from the Place.

With graceful Attitude to move,
 And every native Charm improve, 20
 Whether you walk, stand, sit, or rise,
 A little Dancing may suffice.—
 More to affect's—however common—
 Beneath the Dignity of Woman;
 All generous Emulation stifles, 25
 And gives the Soul a Turn to Trifles:
 Guiltless of Sentiment are seen,
 Hence, many a lovely Face and Mien.

V. 22. *A little Dancing*—] “It would not be amiss for them to learn to dance, that is, to learn just so much (FOR ALL BEYOND IS SUPERFLUOUS, IF NOT WORSE) as may give them a graceful Comportment of their Bodies.”

COWLEY.

Suppose

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 53

Suppose it once the favourite Science——
What Wonder then, in Wit's Defiance, 30
If new *Elizabeths* advance
Their Partners in a Country-dance,
To play the Lord High Chancellor's Part,
And find their *Hardwicks* in a *Hart*.

As in the sacred Page 'tis read, 35
A *Dance* obtain'd the *Baptist's* Head;
So to the unmeaning, frivolous Art,
Ev'n you may sacrifice your Heart,
And sink—inglorious State of Life!
Into a Dancing-Master's Wife.—— 40
His sober Sense, a *Minuet*,
A *Louvre* Learning, *Jig* his Wit,

V. 31. *Elizabeths*—] *Hatton* was made Chancellor by Queen Elizabeth for his Excellence in Dancing.

V. 34. *Hart*.] This Gentleman, if we mistake not, wrote a Treatise on Dancing, and called it—*Rudiments of polite Education*.

And

54 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

And all his Studies to unriddle,

Who conn'd his *Etbicks* from a Fiddle.

Hear how the important Nothing fumes; 45

“ Who's this *Philosopher* presumes---

“ Some bob-wigg'd *Sloven*, one may guess,

“ That ne'er was taught *Polite Address*,---

“ To make *Us* Polishers of Nature

“ The Subject of his saucy Satire?--- 50

“ What! Shall a *Pedant*, hardly knowing

“ The very Rudiments of Bowing,

“ By poring o'er his *Sickly-pay-days*,

“ A *Poker* grown, instruct the Ladies?

“ He, a Professor of Good-Breeding, 55

“ Who knows no Use for Eyes but Reading!

“ If his best *Curt'sey* to his Betters,

“ Be Ridicule, this Clown of Letters

V. 53. *Sickly-pay-days*,] The Latinists write this Word *Cyclopædia*.

The ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY. 55

- " In every *Step* of Life must err,
" His *Footing* false, and infecure ;--- 60
" I'll lead him such a *Dance*, the Poet
" Shall *hobble*, and the World shall know it."
" *Valor* to some the Gods allow,
" To others gracefully to bow,
" This in the Battle to advance, 65
" A *Disposition* That to dance :
" So---the Spectator tells the Story---
" A fine old Grecian, still in Glory,
" One *Dr. Hesiod* sung, or said,
" And Fortitude with Dancing weigh'd. 70
" But could they meet in one, and I
" Be he, this Satirist should dye."

Ye Polishers !---As we intend
The Fair to caution, not offend

V. 67. *The Spectator*---] See Vol. I. No. 67.

Your

56 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Your mighty Race, thus irritable, 75
We'll veil your Character in *Fable*.

A MAGGOT---what! still choleric?
Then I defy your Fiddle-stick—
Yes, of the wriggling *Grub-worm Fry*,
Just ripening to a *Butter-fly*, 85
Held it beneath his Rank of Being
To rusticate ;---“ Be seen, and seeing,
“ Whisper'd his Vanity, nor sport
“ Inglorious here, but shine at Court,
“ With thy new Suit, as yet unpack'd, 85
“ The Notice of the World attract.”
Flutter'd his Heart, his Pulse beat high,
Conscious of future Dignity.

ON a grave Ox, that fought the Town,
He laid his vast Importance down, 90
Who seem'd, or so *Grub's* Fancy show'd,
To bend beneath the cumbrous Load.

Whene'er

Whene'er with solemn Pace and flow,
The Ox but crept, or stopp'd to lowe,
" I'm sorry from my Heart," he cry'd, 95
" For this poor Animal I ride,
" My Weight's too mighty for his Reins ;—
" Hear how the weary *Brute* complains !"
Then shrugg'd up close, when near the City,
In all the Vanity of Pity, 100
To sit, if possible, more light,
Lest he should founder him outright.

At length arriv'd, he thus addrest,
With dull Impertinence, the *Beast* :
" 'Pon Honour, Friend, immensely sorry 105
" So kind a Creature thus to worry—
" Nay, pray lie down, regain your Breath,
" 'Tis poz, I've gallop'd you to Death :—
" Heavens !—how I've made the Wretch perspire !
" I'll beg your Pardon, and retire. 110

" The *King* and *Court*—but *entre nous*,—

" Or else I'd never troubled you,

" Nor thus oppress'd your trembling Flanks,—

" Take my *Apology*,—and Thanks."

" Does any speak above?"—reply'd 115

The *Ox*, reclining on his Side.

" Look up, quoth *Grub*, here on your Face is

" He that has govern'd all your Paces."—

" It may be so;—But I declare,

" Poor *Worm*, I never felt you there;" 120

The *Ox* with cool Indifference said,

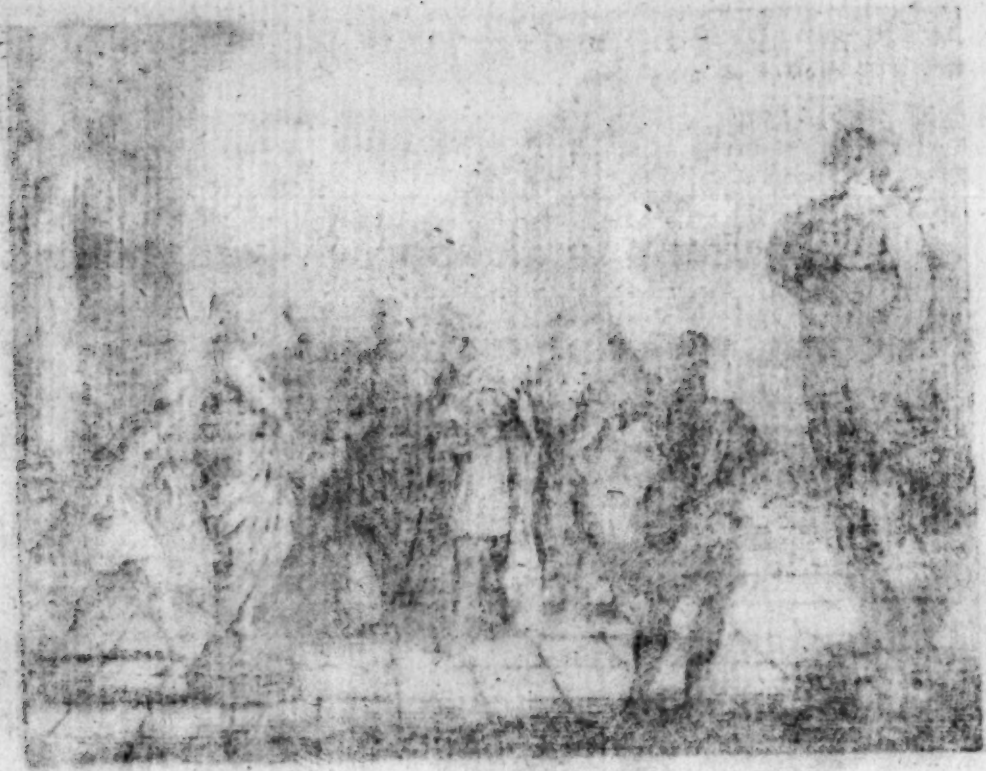
Then turn'd his venerable Head:

One Fillip from his Tail below,

The *Maggot* reach'd, and spoil'd a *Beau*.

This obvious *Moral* must resort hence; 125

That *Self-Conceit* is not *Importance*.



T H E
S T A T U E S.



But grant in public *Men* sometimes are shewn,
A WOMAN'S SEEN IN PRIVATE LIFE ALONE ;
Our bolder Talents in full Light display'd ;
Your Virtues open fairest in the *Shade*.

Ah ! Friend to dazzle let the vain design,
To raise the Thought, and touch the Heart be thine !
That Charm shall *grow*, while what fatigues the Ring,
Flaunts, and goes down an unregarded Thing.

POPE.

FAB. VII.

T H E

S T A T U E S.

F A B L E VII.

WHO caution the Ladies, what Danger alarms!
The *Knaves* and the *Dunces* are all up in Arms.

What a dreadful Majority here is against us!

Dear Daughters of *Albion*, whose Candor has fenc'd us,

Like the Shield which *Aeneas* receiv'd from Love's

Queen,

5

From all the brute Thunder of Envy and Spleen:

Your Bliss is our Aim, your Praise our Reliance,

Secure but of That, we hurl them Defiance:

Unnerv'd by your Virtues, they dare not advance,

But each *DIOMEDE* drops from his weak Hand—the

Lance.

10

I 2

Perhaps

60 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Perhaps they'll turn *Criticks*;---Fools ever pretend
To censure and hate what they can't comprehend.

“ Why Beauty, they cry, is the mere Gift of Nature,
“ Can his *Fables* give Bloom, or re-model a Feature ?
“ Have Numbers harmonious the Power to deck, 15
“ With smooth-flowing Tresses the Ivory Neck ?
“ *Can* PHILOSOPHY *make him a* JULIET, or settle
“ On his credulous Scholars MEDEA's fam'd Kettle ?
“ Could his Skill reach to This, an Emperor's Ransom
“ One might pay for his certain *Receipt* to be
handsome.” 20

In *Britain* such Cavils ne'er reach our *Economy*,
Here *Woman* and *Fair* are but Terms of Synonymy;
But we scorn Adulation, and therefore explain
Our Judgment, that mere Bloom and Features are vain,
Not Beauty itself, but Capacity for it, 25
Convinc'd from Experience, we boldly aver it---

Are

The ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY. 61

Are Instruments only, or Organs exterior,
Must be fill'd and inform'd by something superior :
By sole Dint of *These*, who presumes she is pretty,
Because she can speak, may infer she is witty. 30

Prometheus the porcelain Mortar might form,
But the *Beam* snatch'd from Heaven must enliven
and warm ;

In the Language of Mortals---*Philosophy*, thence
Descended, must raise and ennoble the Sense.

The true Seat of Beauty is therefore the Mind, 35
By that Fire celestial illum'd and refin'd,

Like a Lamp, the pure Body, emitting its Rays---
Our Judgment approves, and our Hearts meet the
Blaze.

What is Woman's Philosophy?---Analys'd This,
Not Folly our Meaning shall construe amiss ; 40
Meek *Piety* first, next elegant *Sense*,
And Virtue and Modesty, void of Pretence ;

Sweet

62 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

Sweet *Pity*, the Nurfling of Love and Good-Nature,
 Attuning the Voice, and softening each Feature:
 Hence the Eyes have their Fire, and the eloquent
 Blood 45

Proclaims on the Cheek, *This is Beauty!* aloud!
 Yes permanent Beauty ;---when *Time* with his Scythe
 That Throne shall usurp, where *Cupid* reign'd blythe,
 And loth to depart, to the last ply'd his Bow ;---
 When *Time* every Flower of Grace shall lay low, 50
 The Forehead's fair Lilly, the Rose of the Cheek,
 Still her Eyes shall these Beauties internal bespeak ;
 All the Wise and the Good must her Virtues adore,
 And a WALDEGRAVE shall charm in the Vale of
 Threescore.

Affectation's a Canker, wild *Envy* a Blast, 55
Rage tears by the Roots, and lays all the Bloom waste;
 Black *Pride*, the MEDUSA, to Stone turns our Faces,
 And *Folly* maintains open War with the *Graces*.

Who guards but from These shews some Wisdom of
Spirit,

And the Commons of Love shall vote he has Merit. 60

GOOD-NATURE alone, Experience will shew t'ye,
Is a mighty Preserver of corporal Beauty,

From the Wrinkle of Frowns keeps the Person at
Ease,

And pleases by shewing Desire to please.

What Woman unlovely, or ever unlov'd, 65

Whose Bosom and Face even This has improv'd?

Her whole outward Form corrected, refin'd,

The Effence assumes, by Degrees, of her Mind;

Meaning Friendship, our Love we insensibly give,

And quit the *Lætities* with *Daphne* to live. 70

Since this Habit of Soul may from Precept be gain'd,

The Scope of our *Apologues* can't be arraign'd.

V. 70. *Lætitia and Daphne*—] See the Spectator.

Such

64 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

Such a One have we known; her Worth and her
Name,

By Modesty, more than her Rank, hid from Fame.

'Tis true, she was never a Toast, at a Ball, 75

In the Mall, or the Play-house, she shines not at all :

In Places like Those, how vainly ye roam!

Who judges of Woman must know her at home.

That's the Sphere of her Glory; the milder Attractions

Too faintly affect amid public Distractions ; 80

So the Picture, the Palace, the rich Prospect too,

Lose all their Effects in a wrong Point of View.

Her *Cestus*, the Sceptre domestic, she wears,

With a Grace, not that dazzles, but charms and
endears ;

The sweet *Law of Kindness* still governs her Tongue,

She is, or she seems, ever handsome and young : 86

Her Husband is happy, and seen in this Light,

Every Soul must confess her the Source of Delight.

So

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 65

So the mild *Rose*, that faints in the broad, open Day,
In the Shade gives us all the rich Fragrance of *May*. 90
Then ere you presume on our Pupils reflect,
One *Rule* of true Judgement from *Fable* collect.

WHEN the Life-giving *Sculptor* inform'd every Piece;
Great *Phidias*, so call we the *Wiltons* of *Greece*,
In his *Shop* high and spacious two *Venus's* plac'd, 95
One *Colossal*, the other of Nature's true Taste.

MACARONI apply'd, not so wise quite as rich,
A *Statue* who sought for his own private Niche;
Scarce open'd the Door, ere, struck with the Figure,
That charm'd at a Distance, he purchas'd the
bigger :— 100

His own Taste so full of, the Master in vain
Attempted their different *Styles* to explain.

For the *Temple's* high Arch that was form'd---but the
small,

From Nature design'd, for the *Gentleman's Hall*.---

K

Begg'd

66 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

Begg'd a nearer Inspection—but wasted his Time,
His Passion ran all for the *Vast* and *Sublime*. 106

With Rapture he thought how the Men of *Virtù*
His Taste would applaud, when his Bargain they
knew.

With *Fancy's Ears*,
At once he hears 110
The hapless *Ciceroni*

Their Perquisites in Money,
And frequent Feasts lamenting;
He sees the *Dilettanti*
Ere-while so gay and janty, 115

With Envy low relenting.

But ponder well, *Collectors* dear!

And as a Caution deign to hear

Our *Story's* dismal Sequel;

Or

The ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY. 67

Or ever you commence a *Bidder* 120

The *Place* confider,—Ah! confider

Where you intend to fix your Pieces :

Or else, tho' antient *Rome's* or *Greece's*

None of your Taste shall speak well.

Enormous Penalty!---who disobey, 125

More than their Gold, their Character shall pay.

WELL, suppose his dear *Goddeſs* brought home in

due State,

He was something alarm'd when ſhe ſtuck in the Gate;

But his Face, bright with *Hope*, ſoon was funk to

a Gloom,

“ Alas! ſhe's too high for my loftieſt Room. 130

“ Let the Cieling be rais'd.”--'Tis done; and ſhe's

rear'd,

Indelicate, coarſe now her Features appear'd;

He crept at a Diſtance, but ſtill was too cloſe,

The *Room* ſhew'd her every where clumsy and groſs.

68 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

- “ Is this a *soft Venus*?” his Question was daily, 135
 “ ’Tis *Hercules* hardly unmann’d by *Omphale*.
 “ This *Wife* for a *Titan* is only not hideous,
 “ When seen in the monstrous Apartments of *Phidias*.
 “ The more I’m familiar, the more I detest her,
 “ Dear *Sculptor*, exchange her, and give me the
 Sister ! 140
 “ That polish’d Perfection, which bore my Neglect,
 “ On a nearer Survey may have charming Effect ;
 “ From the *Niche* near the Eye, we must judge of
 her Merit,
 “ Correct to the Nail, yet abounding with Spirit,---
 “ She was form’d, I perceive, for a Station like
 mine, 145
 “ Tho’ *abroad* over-look’d, yet at *home* she’s divine.
 “ My *Venus* hereafter shall suit to her Place ;
 “ ’Tis the right Point of View that determines the Grace.

THE

T H E
L I Z A R D S.



Beauty! thou art a fair, but fading Flow'r,
The tender Prey of every coming Hour;
In Youth, thou, Comet-like, art gaz'd upon,
But art portentous to thyself alone:
Unpunish'd Thou to few wert ever given,
Nor art a Blessing, but a Mark from Heaven.

Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.

FAB. VIII.

THE
L I Z A R D S.

F A B L E VIII.

“ **N**OR Gates of Oak, nor Brazen Tower,
“ Nor Howling through the Midnight Hour,
“ And clanking dire the loosen’d Chain
“ Of watchful Dogs, a ghastly Train;
“ Nor all *Acrisius*’ feverish Care, 5
“ Securely kept the cloister’d Fair.
“ The trembling *Father* schem’d in vain;
“ For *Jove* and *Venus* mock’d his Pain:
“ They laught; as conscious all his Cares,
“ His Dogs and Gates,—and Bolts and Bars, 10

V. 5. *Acrisius*—] The Father of Danae.

“ And

70 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

" And Towers must weak and fenceless prove
 " Oppos'd to all-subduing Love,
 " Strong as the livid Lightning's Fire,
 " And swifter speeds the fierce Desire,
 " Delights thro' Midst of Guards to force ; 15
 " Nor solid Rocks can stop its Course :
 " O'er *Atlas*' giddy Height 'twill soar,
 " Or *Hell*'s tremendous Gloom explore ;
 " 'Twill burst impatient thro' the Main---
 " And Worlds but interpose in vain ! 20
 " Such Love *Corinna*'s Eyes inspire,
 " Those Eyes that set my Soul on Fire ;
 " Those Eyes transcending Words or Thought,
 " With every winning Virtue fraught.
 " But hold, my *Muse*, nor dare to gaze 25
 " Those brighter *Suns* meridian Blaze,
 " Left, soaring near the potent Ray,
 " Thy Wings *Icarian* melt away.

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 71

- “ Know, Rashness! thy untutor’d Lays
“ Prophane such Beauty by their Praise. 30
“ What Notes, what Numbers can express
“ Her Neck’s consummate Loveliness?
“ So fair not *Fancy*’s self may shew,
“ An Iv’ry Tower on Hills of Snow.—
“ Her Face, that perfect *Circle*, scan, 35
“ Of all that wins the Heart of Man,
“ Where beam’d from every Look and Smile,
“ New Beauties mock the Painter’s Toil.—
“ What Flow of Song, tho’ wildly free,
“ As swells the Lark’s loud Ecstasy, 40
“ Describe th’ ambrosial Length of Hair,
“ (Such would the *Graces* joy to wear,)
“ That floats adown her Neck, and shades her
“ Bosom fair?
“ To match with her Love’s sculptur’d Queen 45
“ Would lessen her superior Mien.

V. 45. *Love’s sculptur’d Queen*] *Venus de Medicis.*

“ Tho’

" Tho' Art Promethean form each Feature,
 " *The Pattern of excelling Nature,*
 " The lifeless Piece we may approve,
 " We may admire but cannot love ; 50
 " Motion must harmonise the whole,
 " And lend the *Grace* that smites the Soul.

" With Wonder first the *Seer* survey'd
 " The Beauties of his *Ivory Maid,*
 " But when the blushing *Statue* mov'd, 55
 " He sigh'd---he languish'd,---and he lov'd."

'Twas thus some youthful *Bard*, apart,
 Sung forth the *Mistress* of his *Heart*:
 CLEORA heard ;—she, All agree,
 Held Beauty's Mediocrity, 60
 Th' Agreeable---which slowly gains
 Admirers, but thro' Life retains ;

V. 53. *The Seer*—] Pygmalion.

Storms

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 73

Storms not the Heart like Grace Supreme,
But saps beneath that Rock, Esteem. 65
She, listening, as she pass'd along,
Envy'd *Corinna* and her Song.

Elaborate in outward Show,
Of inward less exact we trow,
The Poet's Theme ; since not a Word 70
Of dear *Corinna's* Mind is heard.
And dost thou envy ?—Learn to know
Such Beauty but invites a Foe,—
An *Host* of *Foes*, combin'd to press
From Honor and from Happiness, 75
Its Owner:—Think on *Helen's* Charms ;
They, in a Husband's sacred Arms,
Were ill-secur'd :—They gave her Name
To Infamy, and endless Shame.

A *Theme* for Song—The favorite Toast, 80
Prerogatives that *Beauties* boast,

L

Appreciate

74 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Appreciate these :—What, if the Song
 Confound your Sense of Right and Wrong ?
 The *Toast* so envy'd, and ador'd,
 Like Wine upon the Victim pour'd, 83
 Should prove---how many is it true in ?
 The Prelude of approaching Ruin.

Safe Praise is in all Women's Power ;
 Make but your Heart the chosen Bower
 Of Delicacy, Sense refin'd, 90
 And genuine Worth with Sweetness join'd :—
 These shall irradiate every Feature,
 And lend the Grace deny'd by Nature ;
 With Thee the Good shall bless their Lot,
 When lone *Corinna*'s quite forgot. 95

V. 88. *Safe Praise*—) Une Femme douce & polie pouvoit se faire
 aimer sans le secours de la Beauté ; au lieu qu'une belle Personne sans
 la Douceur & la Politesse devenoit un Objet de mepris.

LE SAGE.

Alas !

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 75

Alas ! what Numbers may be prov'd,
Too lovely to be truly lov'd ;
Because, with native Charms content,
They gave their Souls no Ornament.

Go to the *Magdalen*, survey 100
The hapless *Helens* of To-day ;
There learn, what all in Tears confess,
Mere *Beauty* is not Happiness,
But fatal to itself ;---in Power
It gleams the Meteor of an Hour ; 105
For One it guides to Joy and Light,
It plunges Ten in *Stygian Night*.

NEAR a lone Ruin's time-rob'd Tower,
Two Lizards talk'd away the Hour.
Sister, cry'd One,---Some Moments spent
In customary Compliment,--- 110

76 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Does not your Heart with Sorrow melt,
 To think how hardly *Fate* has dealt
 With *You* and *Me*?---We barely live;
 Our Sex's best *Prerogative*, 115
 To reign, to rule, to fire with Love,
 Which genuine Romances prove,
 Are still in many a *Lizard's* Power---
 Sure, Sister, from our natal Hour,
 Nature unjust, deny'd us These, 120
 And left us only *Health* and *Ease*.

I vow, whene'er I ruffle by,
 I scarce attract one curious Eye;
 No Flames, no Darts my Looks dispense,
 But in the Phrase of *common Sense*, 125

V. 125. *In the Phrase of common Sense the Fellows greet me—*] That delicate Instructor of our fair Country-women—the polite and sagacious Mr. *Addison*, somewhere observes, that when a young Lady, through want of a rational Education, has once brought herself to regard mere
personal

The Fellows greet me ;---scarce is heard
Ode, Song, Acrostic, Line or Word,
To lovely *Lizey's* sparkling Eye ;
Unrhym'd I live,---perhaps may dye.
Gods !---was I but a Crocodile, 130
That mighty *Lizard* of the *Nile*,
What trembling Slaves had bow'd before me,
And *Worlds* been happy to adore me !---

I vow, my Dear, in sober Sadness,
These *Whims* romantic are but Madness 135
To my poor Judgement:---Why repine
At Fortunes such as Your's and Mine ?
Reply'd the other.---Not a Joy,
That Reason's Wishes can employ,

personal Beauty, as the most glorious Distinction of her Sex; she is utterly impatient of all Conversation on other Topics. So that if you should happen to ask one of this Character, *what it is o'Clock*, it is a hundred to one, but she thinks it improper for a Person of her Accomplishments to answer so plain a Question.

But

78 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

But courts your Hand :---Convenient Wealth ; 140
And Freedom, Pleasure, Peace and Health ;
All These are Your's:---Why then deplore
That *Nature* has not given Us more ?

Admit you pass unnotic'd by,
To That you owe Security. 145

You wish to be a *Crocodile* :---
Sister, indeed you make me smile :---
Why, all her *Votaries* are but brewing
Fresh Stratagems to work her Ruin.
There's nothing brings such sure Perdition 150
To our Sex as that Fiend, *Ambition*.

I always thought, the first rejoin'd,
Your's was a mean, and groveling Mind ;---
Ambition ! yes, the passion's common,
Obscurity is Death to Woman.

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 79

But, Madam, see a *Case in Point*--- 155

With conscious Grace in every Joint,
How stalks yon stately *Stag*!---wide spread

The peerless Glories of his Head :

Bless'd with those *Horns*, the public gaze,

I'd give up all the *Sun* surveys : 160

Horns ! said I ? rather *Beams of Fire*,

That universal Awe inspire.

She spoke, when lo ! those envy'd Horns
Shaking the Wood, the *Huntsman* turns
And marks the Place ;--the Hounds pursue ;-- 165
His Danger from his Beauty grew.

The cumbrous Ornament betrays
The secret of his winding Ways,
To the fierce *Foe*.---Resistance vain,
He falls entangled on the Plain ;
He falls and bleeds at every Vein.

170 }

The

The *Lizard* saw, grew melancholy,
 Then candidly confess'd her Folly ;
 Strove her Repinings to repent,
Nature absolv'd, and learn'd *Content*. 175



THE
COURT OF BEAUTY



The beauty of the world is not in the things which are seen, but in the things which are not seen. To the eyes of the world, the things which are seen are the things which are the most beautiful. But to the eyes of the heart, the things which are not seen are the things which are the most beautiful. The things which are not seen are the things which are the most beautiful. The things which are not seen are the things which are the most beautiful.

T H E
C O U R T O F B E A U T Y .



The brightest Forms thro' *Affectation* fade,
To strange, new Things, which Nature never made.
Frown not ye Fair ! so much your sex we prize,
We hate those Arts, which take you from our Eyes :
In *Albacinda's* NATIVE GRACE is seen,
What you, who labour at Perfection, mean.
Short is the Rule, and to be learnt with Ease :—
RETAIN YOUR GENTLE SELVES, AND YOU MUST PLEASE.

YOUNG.

FAB. IX.

THE COURT OF BEAUTY.

F A B L E IX.

BRIGHT *Venus*, sole Empress of Love and of Beauty,

Had three Maids of Honour, attending on Duty;---

They were Sisters; as *Seneca* proves from the *Register*,

And attended the Goddess, like so many Pages t'her:

Wherever she mov'd, there you saw their three

Faces;---

5

Euphros'ne, *Aglaia*, *Thalia*, the *Graces*.

They ne'er went to Court, but new Conquests

they boasted,---

No God of Bon Ton, but one of them toasted,

" Sweet Creatures, by *Styx*!--as I e'er set my Eyes on,

" How fond of each other!--immensely sur-
prising!"

10

V. 3. *The Register*.] *Seneca* of Benefits. 2, 3.

M

As

As Prologue, or Chorus, thus much we've descanted,
 With the *Folks* of our *Drama* to bring you acquainted.

But DISCORD now, inexorable *Fiend*,
 To Friendship, Sympathy, fororal Love,
 And all the blessed Charities of Life, 15
 Sworn everlasting Foe :---High o'er their Heads,
 Shook her infernal Torch ; as erst on Top
 Of that fam'd *Mountain*, where the Seed of *Jove*
 Challeng'd the Palm of Grace.---The *Sisters* now
 (Such Ire in *Spirits celestial* may be rais'd) 20
 With mutual Envy, Jealousy, Distrust,
 Each other view indignant,---arrogate
 Superior Deference ;---and all proposed,
 Unanimous, secure in conscious Worth,
Venus' own Judgement should decide the Strife ;-- 25
 Precedency in Beauty,---

Imagine now, my gentle Reader,
 Each against each a furious Pleader,

Resolv'd,

Resolv'd, like Plaintiff and Defendant,
By Course of Law to make an End on't: 30
Think You the solemn Court behold,
And VENUS in her Chair of Gold ;---
Lady Chief *Justice*.---Hear the *Cryer*,
His deep-ton'd Voice exalting higher,
Make *Proclamation* for strict Silence, 35
With *O Yes!*---to be heard a Mile hence.

“ Ye several Parties in this Cause,
“ Obedient to the Queen, and Laws,
“ Save your Recognizance, and All
“ Make due *Appearance* as we call. 40
“ *Thalia*, Spinster!—Here—*Pasithea*,
“ Alias *Aglaia*!—Here.—*Lætitia*,
“ Alias *Euphros'ne*!—Here.—Ye *Graces*,
“ Come into Court, and take your Places;
“ Declare your Claims; and ere you go forth, 45
“ Hear the Queen's Charge, Decree, and so forth.”

The Ceremonies duly guided

Euphros'ne thus the Cause began :

“ What, in all Humbleness I shew t'ye ;

“ We plead for Sovereignty in Beauty,—

“ This is our several Claim.—Between us,

“ Who but the all-accomplish'd *Venus*,

“ Has Skill to judge ?—We come prepar'd 55

“ To hear your Majesty's Award,

“ And having pray'd a short Inspection,

“ Submit us to the Court’s Direction.”

Thus ended she her brief Oration.—

Slow rose, and court'fey'd Approbation, 60

Her Rival Sisters ;---each believing,

The Palm reserv'd for her Receiving.—

So big with Confidence, they wonder'd

Why the sagacious *Goddeſs* ponder'd.

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 85

She speaks ; but ah ! what Words can reach
The nectar'd Sweetness of her Speech ?
When Silence first the *Goddeſs* broke, 70
Tell how ſhe *look'd*, as well as ſpoke.

“ Children, ſtand forth ;---Let each diſcover
“ Her ſeveral Powers to form the Lover.---
“ Her own peculiar Excellence ;
“ That ſteals the Heart thro' every Senſe : 75
“ And ev'n the frozen Boſom warms---
“ The utmoſt Effort of her Charms:
“ Theſe having duly weigh'd, our Truſt is
“ To do, unblam'd, impartial Juſtice.”

Scarce had ſhe ſpoke.---In Tears the *Muſe* 80
The *Sequel* of her Tale purſues :---
But each forgot her native Eaſe,
Too, too ſollicitous to pleaſe ;
Diſtortion ſat on every Feature,
And faded all the Bloom of *Nature*. 85

They

They lisp ; they amble ; now the Head
 On this Side, now on that is laid,
 Like some unanimated Things,
 Mov'd but by artificial Springs.
 The caufeless Smile, or Laughter weak, 90
 Now flutters upon every Cheek ;---
 Dilates each Mouth from Ear to Ear,
 To let the pearly Teeth appear ;
 Now they're all Gloom,---a Change still worse---
 The Lips contracted to a Purse, 95
 Or screw'd precise, whene'er they speak,
 Shoot forth, and sharpen to a Beak.---
 Anon with Diligence they ply
 The *Hocus pocus* of the *Eye* ;
 See ! in deep black revolves the Sight, 100
 Hey !---pass, begone !---now all is white.---
 Sleepy, half-clos'd ; and now they glare
 The broad Effulgence of a Stare ;

Then

Then round and round their Orbits roll,
As if a Frenzy fir'd their Soul ; 105
The Body's twist, Convulsion, Fidge and all,
Compleat the wonderful *Original*.

Such were the Arts to which they trusted,---
Ev'n *Cupid*, tho' a Boy, disgusted,
Or frighten'd by their *idiot* Sport, 110
Wav'd his light Wings, and left the Court.

Confus'd, enrag'd, arose the stately Queen,
And wore unusual Terror in her Mien :

" Cease your mad Mummery ! she cry'd, and hear

" My just Remonstrance with a patient Ear : 115

" O, lost to Reason !--blind to every Art

" That wakes ingenuous Passion in the Heart,

" Was it for You, great *Venus*' Handmaids born,

" T'expose yourselves, your Sex, your Queen to Scorn?

" Instructed now the latent Cause I find, 120

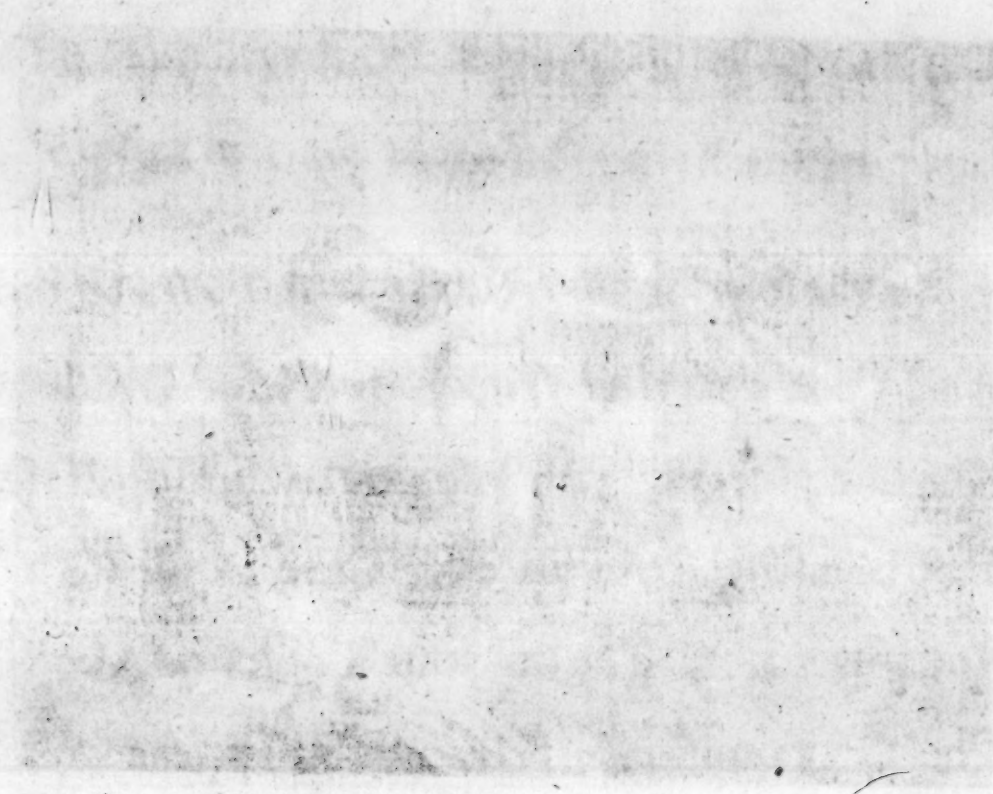
" Why shrink *Love*'s Votaries among Mankind,

" Why

“ Why, from our Altars scar’d, the sacred Power
 “ Of Marriage lights the frequent Torch no more.
 “ Dare to be wise again ;---And this Behest
 “ Lock in the living Casket of your Breast. 125

“ Be these your *Arts* alone---All *Art* to hide,
 “ And take unerring *Nature* for your Guide ;
 “ Her once forgot, you lose your winning Ease,
 “ Not pleasing from an over Care to please.
 “ Nay suffer not, e’en in your Looks or Air, 130
 “ The Consciousness of Beauty to appear
 “ In Souls refin’d ;---to wise Experience trust,---
 “ It raises no Emotion but Disgust.
 “ With Gods and Men one general Maxim lasts :---
 “ That AFFECTATION every *Beauty* blasts : 135
 “ More Ruin spreads than Age with Sickness join’d,
 “ Nor leaves the Remnant of a *Grace* behind.

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T H E
E N C H A N T R E S S .



OF FORESTS AND ENCHANTMENTS DREAR,
WHERE MORE IS MEANT THAN MEETS THE EAR.

IL PENSEROSO.

—Provided Tales are speciously told, the Probability of them will not be destroyed, tho' they are Tales of Wizards, or Witches. What should hinder the Poet, but want of Art, from so contriving his Fable, that more might be meant than meets the Eye or Ear? Cannot he say one thing in proper Numbers and Harmony, and secretly intend something else? or—to use a Greek Expression—cannot he MAKE THE FABLE ALLEGORICAL.

UPTON ON THE FAERY QUEEN.

FAB. X.

THE
ENCHANTRESS.

F A B L E X.

THY Walls, *Southampton!* and thy moss-
grown Towers,

Where *Echo* holds her solitary Reign ;

Thy rural Sports and medicinal Flood,

The Plains around, and deep embowering Shades,

Who can behold, and not attempt to sing? 5

Even *I*, the meanest of the tuneful Tribe,

Inspir'd by Thee, awake the living Lyre,

Adventurous, while the Groves and vocal Hills

Prolong the Strain ; as when *Musæus* pour'd

The sadly-flowing Tale of hopeless Love—— 10

The sole Disease thy Waters cannot cure.

N

Oh,

rife

20

25

(Tyrannic,

(Tyrannic, dire, inexorable Fiend)
 And wash their Ills away.—Hither is brought, 30
 Robb'd of each Grace, the pining, pale-ey'd Maid,
 Who *Venus*-like, emerges from the Flood,
 Her Cheeks bestrew'd with Roses.—Thence the
 Youth

Springs, like *Antæus*, with redoubled Might,
 A Match for *Hercules*; and thence the Limbs 35
 Of trembling *Eld*, *medean* Fable true,—
 Resume fresh Vigor, and are young again.

Antona's honour'd Stream! on whose soft Shores
 My flowery-kirtled Infancy first knew
 Vernal Delight;—where stealing from the Croud, 40
 I still can shuffle off the Cares of Life—
 Revive,---familiar with each Object round,
 The phraseless Images of better Days,
 When all was new, and pregnant with Delight:

V. 36. *Eld*—] Old Age, Decrepitude.

92 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Accept the votive Verse.---Here first I saw 45
 (And faithful to its Trust, my Mind retains,
 With all its vivid Tints, the sacred Sight)
 Arise the Bridegroom *Sun* :---Even now I see,
 As conscious of the Day, the blushing East.
 Faded the sickly-gleaming Stars, and Night, 50
 Stretch'd o'er the Vault of Heaven, resumes her Wing
 Of *Stygian* Plume, and meditates her Flight.
 The grey *Dawn* waves her sober Banners round,
 And holds the dubious Empire of the Sky,
 Retiring unperceiv'd.---A fluid Red 55
 Then faintly skirts the dappled Firmament;
 Till, deepening as it spreads, with various Tinge,
 Purple and Gold, the gorgeous Orient flames
 Refulgent, and proclames the *Sun's* Approach.

And, lo! he comes, the glorious Sire of Day, 60
 Emerging thro' the silver-circled Clouds,

Walks

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 93

Walks forth in adamantinè Splendor clad,
Up the high Steep of Heaven; and sheds the Day
To farthest Space, swift as the Speed of Thought,
Illustrious.—Early thus, Oh! may I break 65
The leaden Chains of Sleep, and issue forth
To mark the Glories of the rising Day!
Now o'er the perfum'd Meadows let me walk,
Or pierce the secret, mazy-winding Bower,
Or lofty Wood; whose awful Pomp of Shade, 70
Waving its gold-invested Top, delights,
Refines, and harmonizes all the Soul.

Child of Intemperance, and pallid Sloth!
Strange to th' exalted Joy, oft while you lose,
Unconscious lose, the dulcet Prime of Day, 75
Still let me wander far from human Sight,
To pathless Plains, and Wilds, and silent Groves,
Where heart-ennobling *Contemplation* reigns:
Or let me climb the Hills, where every Gale
Is

94

Southampton, lov'd of all the rural Gods ;

Thine are the pathless Wilds, and silent Groves,

Blows every Gale.

The rosy-featur'd Nymph

Hence paints her Cheeks, and hence renews her

Of all the *Toilet's* fraudulent Mysteries

Nor studious, nor in Want.---Ye delicate!

Receive Instruction from the simple Maid ;

For once, to *Nature's* own Conveyance trust,

With her and me, essay the Morning Walk,

And learn the whole *Economy of Beauty*.

What if we climb the gently-rising Rock,

Whose arched Brow frowns o'er the subject Main! 95

Here

Here let us take a pleasing, dreadful View
Of *Nature*.---Far beneath---so far beneath,
Imagination fears to cast a Look,
The wild Wave tumbles ; a stupendous World
Of Wonders in itself, august and vast. 100

Say, can the toil-bought Pleasures of the Town,
The Concert, Ball, or Play, where dazzling Dress,
With Gold and Silver wrought, bright-sparkling Gems,
Or brighter-sparkling Eyes, reflect the Light,
And spread a gay Effulgence round the Dome, 105
Mocking the sunny Day :---Can these supply
A Charm so suited to the Soul of Man?
Or, when the youthful Band the Dance pursue,
And weave its mazy Form, respondent shook
To sprightly-fancy'd Songs; and large-hoop'd *Belles*
By graver *Airs* majestically mov'd, 111
Around the Dome glide smooth as Angels walk :
“ The Waves o’ th’ Sea, that own no other Function,”

96 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Fear not Defeat from all that *Art* can teach,
They both dilate, and fill the pausing Soul. 115

To rural Prospects, Flocks, and lowing Herds,
To distant Towns, and dew-impearled Fields,
And Villas, half conceal'd amid the Shade
Of spreading Trees, the vagrant *Muse* returns
Delighted.---Various is the peaceful Scene, 120
Irregularly sweet.---Parent of Joy!

Fair INNOCENCE, here fix thy radiant Throne
For ever:---Void of Thee, the Landscape fades,
The wildly-flowing Chaunt of early Birds
Swells not to Ecstasy;---the sweet Spring wears. 125

Her chearful Robe in vain, the Flowrets droop,
And the delightful Grove delights no more.

But when thy gentler Glories gild the Scene,
Ev'n *Zembla's* Sons, amid eternal Frosts,
Enjoy the Soul's calm Sun-shine.---Seraph, Thou
Can't bid ideal Summers bless the North, 131

And paradise a Desert. Hence alone,—
Bear Witness Heaven and Earth!---from hence alone
Can sylvan Scenes disgust the Mind or Sight ;
Weak Vanity, or Affectation wild, 135
Or, worse than either, rank Dishonor foul,
Are Tenants of the Soul. These dare not dwell
With searching *Solitude* ;—These snatch the Great
O'er Seas, and Alps, to every noisy Show,
Or CARNIVAL, or th' holy Trumpery fam'd 140
Of Latian JUBILEE, or *Stratford*! thine
Obscene with Mud,---to all that promises
To cure Reflection. From the wondering Herd
Thus starts the wounded Stag, with uncouth Pain
Distracted, scours the Lawn, flies to the Wood, 145
Or plunges thro' the Stream.---But ah! in vain ;
The barbed Death, deep-lodg'd within his Side,
With sickening Anguish stings his throbbing Heart.

98 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

BE INNOCENT AND HAPPY.—Such my Heart
 In early Youth, when, in her straw-roof'd Cot, 150
 A Shepherd's Wife rear'd my weak Infancy ;
 Where the light-dashing Current laves the Foot
 Of yonder Wood.---And oft her Mother old
 Beguil'd the wintry Evening with her Tales:
 While with my Foster-brethren, Shepherds still, 155
 Nor more incredulous, I press'd the Forme,
 Around her cleanly Hearth ; and heard her speak,
 Or sing with many a tuneless Quaver, loose and flat,
 How *Fairy Elves* their frequent Revels keep
 To the pale Glow-worm's Lamp, and how they
 spread 160
 On Mushroom Tables many a splendid Feast.
 Sometimes, perchance, with hollow Voice she spoke
 Of yawning Graves, and sheeted Ghosts that glide
 Beneath the Church-Yard Fence; of magic Spells,
 And all th' Omnipotence of *Witch-craft*.— 165

“ ONCE,

“ ONCE,
Where *Netley* nods in all her time-shook Towers,
(The *Beldam* thus began) A *Sorceress* fam’d,
MERLINDA hight, her daring Art essay’d.
’Twas in the fearful Secrecy of Night, 170
She ventur’d thro’ the Ruins; every Wall,
And every Arch, with all their Echoes round,
Confess’d her Presence :---On the moss-grown Floor,
(Erewhile, I ween, by holier Pilgrims trod)
O’er which the East Window, still in Ruins fair, 175
Rears its majestic Height; her vervain Fire
Its trembling Radiance shed. Round the blue Light,
She, with Observance due of antient Rites,
And mystic Ceremony, slowly mark’d
Her mighty Circle.---Next she sung aloud 180

V. 167. *Netley*.] The Ruins of a venerable Abbey on the Banks of the *Itchin*, near Southampton. See an elegant and pathetic little Poem on this Subject, by *George Keate, Esq*;

100 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

Wild Strains unteachable, and wav'd her Wand
 Thrice round her uncoif'd Head: then laboring spoke
 Words that had Power to bind the struggling North,
 Or check the tumbling Tide of Cataracts
 And hang them in Mid-Air:---All Nature owns 185
 The virtuous Spell, resistless.---Strait arose---
Menalcas sage declar'd he saw the Sight,
 And oft has signified the Spot---arose
 Of various Stature, and of nameless Form,
 Thick peopling all the Space, submissive Crouds 190
 Of Beings strange, that *Nature* never made.
 Now Sighs are heard, and ever and anon,
 The frequent Groan bursts from their hollow Breasts;
 Nor, these between, were wanting Words that vow'd
 Eternal Reverence to her potent Sway, 195
 And proffer'd willing Service; tho' to pluck
 Down from her silver Chariot, where she rode,
 The Queen of Night; if such her high Behest.

She

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 101

She deigns to speak ;---“ Go, search from East
to West,
“ Thro’ Earth, Air, Seas, and Fire, and to these Arms
“ Restore, ere sings the matin-chaunting Bird, 200
“ The Solace of my Life.---Yes, he has broke
“ His easy Chain, and left me to Despair.”

Nor more.—Away they run, fly, sink, at once,
Upon their Errand bent, unanimous : mean-while
An awful Pause suspends the wondering Aisles: 205
But short.—For soon, with Hubbub loud,
The Sprites return’d, and (wonderful to speak !
Incredible !) gave to her raptur’d Arms,
Whence he elop’d that Morn---her Bosom’s Lord—
A favourite MONKEY. 210

Straight a general Groan
Burst thro’ the Battlements !—The Bird of Night
Scream’d shrill her ear-afflicting Song, commixt
With Hissings dire from airy Forms of Snakes,
That

That wing'd the Void.--The livid Flame expir'd,
 Sudden; while she repass'd, caressing fond
 Her grinning Paramour."

Looking Amaze

Around the Beldame, all attentive, hung
 Her infant Audience ;---questioning by Turns, 220
 For such an End inadequate, such Means ;
 Nor Resolution found.

But say, ye Fair,

O, both the Guard and Glory of my Song!
 Why hate, incredulous, the truth-built Tale? 225
 Among the Wonders that wild Passion works,
 Is there on Earth no Parallel to this?—
 Ah, yes my Heart misgives, *Experience* thus
 May realise the Fable.---Who but knows
 The Witchery of Beauty?---Who but feels, 230
 But will confess her Spells?---Her magic Eye,
 More potent than MERLINDA's Wand or Voice,
 Stranger

Stranger Effects producing in the Heart,
Submissive Worlds obey. How oft in Bower,
Or Hall, some Paragon of Grace we've seen 235
Surrounded by a vain, unholy Circle
Of pea-green *Macaronies*, *Fribles*, *Fops*,
And lisping *Popinjays*,---phantaftic Things
That *Nature* never made ! And when her Powers
Might have commanded all that Manhood owes--
The confcious Dignity of Soul, rich Sense, 241
Or lawrell'd Science ; have we not beheld
The Moments, pregnant with her Fate for Life,
Wafte'd to hear the Fealty of Fools ?
And all her *Charms* exerted to recall, 245
And fix fome worthless Coxcomb's vagrant Love?

Straight, on the Altar of a hundred Hearts,
Love's holy Fire that burnt for her, is quench'd ;
Her Choice, proclaiming Impotence of Soul,
Destroys the Enchantment of her Eyes at once: 250
And

And Pity's Sigh, perchance the Hiss of Scorn,
Declares her Exit.

If such Things have been;

Thy Rooms, *Southampton*! may confirm the Tale,
Erewhile incredible, thy Groves had taught, 255
And faithful History acquit the fabling Nurse.

FAIR, GOOD, AND WISE ARE ONE; and either, each:
Wisdom and Virtue, *Causes*;—the *Effect*,
Beauty; and Beauty is the *Seal* of Heaven,
In every Clime *authentic*: from the Soul 260
Of Man exacting Homage, Admiration, Love.
But or on VICE', or FOLLY's Errands sent,
It *cancel*s, not *confirm*s the Law of Nature,
Is with Indifference seen, perhaps Contempt.

The END *of* the FIRST BOOK.



